

The GRAIL



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THE GRAIL

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Between the Lines

National Confusion Unnecessary

THESE days we hear many charges that the nation lacks unity. Perhaps it should be said the nation lacks uniformity. There is very little dissension about the need and desirability of national defense, but there is a distinct division of opinion as to how we should go about it. There are many patriotic people who honestly believe our best defense lies in intervention; while others, equally patriotic and equally honest, believe that America's best defense lies in strict isolation. Perhaps the experience and sober reflection of many future years will be required to decide which is correct.

Without discussing the relative merits of either intervention or isolation, let us review a few causes of the lack of uniformity and of the confusion which is today so apparent, not only in the operations of high government activities but also in the minds of the humblest citizen. While the average citizen may not be able to see the confusing international picture and its possible results in its true perspective, and while many naval and military moves may be dictated by the exigencies of the situation rather than by the nation's wishes—and therefore, perhaps, outside the province of the lay citizen to decide—many of the causes of the lack of uniformity and national confusion are well within the control of national leaders and must be the deep concern of the citizen in a democratic republic if democracy and all it implies is to continue.

The American people are doing their level best to think through the world situation sanely and in the best interests of the nation's present and future. If confusion reigns in the national mind, it is not because of inferior thinking, but rather because various parts of the national picture do not match when put to-

gether, or at least it is impossible to match them from the information doled out to the public.

WHILE there was a strong current of opinion against the passage of the Lease-lend bill—mostly because its operation might carry us into an unwanted war—nevertheless public opinion began to solidly back lease-lend aid to Britain and the nations suffering from aggression as soon as the bill was passed, this attitude being in accordance with the American tradition of going along, democratically, with the majority will when expressed by Congressional action. It is a strong American conviction that Congress is the medium through which public opinion makes itself known in the democratic manner and, no matter how bitter the previous debate, the losing section of the public almost always accepts the verdict of Congressional action most gracefully; provided, of course, no sharp parliamentary practices were used by the majority party to shut off proper debate and consideration of the question. It is when national matters, which the public considers—through majority opinion, tradition or the Constitution—to be within the province of Congress, are denied to that body for debate and action that a strong public reaction sets in. This reaction has been mistaken for public apathy to national dangers, but is really a silent, stubborn unwillingness to be coerced, maneuvered, goaded or intrigued into a decision not made in accordance with usual democratic practices. A closer observance of traditional American democratic procedure would end much of the lack of uniformity so plainly evident in national behavior.

The American public accepted the

Lease-lend bill in the proper spirit and started to buckle down to make it work, but since its passing, many things have cropped up which make many Americans doubtful of its wisdom.

With Americans beginning to pay huge taxes, scrimp and save to buy defense bonds, and suffer all kinds of inconveniences as the nation's peacetime production is curtailed to furnish war materials to Britain, it is naturally disturbing to read the headlines of an article which recently appeared in the Washington *Times-Herald*, as quoted in the Congressional Record of August 25, 1941: "Britons Here Make Whoopee as United States Pays—Thirty Thousand Dollars in Wine, Food Reported Charged to Lease-Lend Bill." The article states authoritatively that it is reported in "reliable congressional circles" that the British mission had already charged to the Lease-Lend bill over \$30,000 worth of meals and rare wines in one Washington restaurant alone. The article further cites a case in which a member of the British mission spent 45 minutes chatting by phone with a Canadian friend and charged the bill, tax and all, to the lease-lend fund. With 3000 members of the British mission in this country, it is doubtful if we can, despite our enormous national wealth, afford to support them in the luxury to which they are not accustomed.

THE ARTICLE further states that the British mission didn't like the Washington temperature and found their hotel suites—good enough for Americans—insufficiently agreeable—despite the stuffiness of London bomb-proofs—and so, 100 portable air-conditioning units were purchased by the mission and charged to lease-lend. The article states these charges were denied at the British Purchasing Mission, but then one would scarcely expect them

to be admitted, especially in view of the lightness with which truth is handled in matters of this kind these days. The article mentions also a stop order which was issued against unwarranted use of lease-lend funds, this case being one in which the officers of a British vessel being repaired in an American port tried to secure new uniforms to be charged to lease-lend. Congressman Paul Shafer of Michigan who had this article inserted into the Congressional Record states that the actions of the British mission prove we are "Uncle Saps" to the British for whose aid and succor we are heavily mortgaging ourselves and many, many future generations.

American small businesses are either seriously curtailing their production—thus laying off American workmen—or else shutting down entirely because of inability to get raw materials due to lease-lend priorities. Certainly the St. Louis manufacturer who was lately denied priorities on 150 pounds of aluminum tubing which would have kept his plant running for several months did not like to read in a Missouri periodical the statement of its Washington correspondent who said that, despite the denial of small amounts of aluminum which would give American workmen work to feed their families, Dunhills, the well known English operators of wholesale and retail tobacco shops in this country, are still selling Havana cigars, each individual cigar encased in an aluminum tube which is being supplied by an American manufacturer. Incidents like this certainly do not add up to make sense to the plants forced to close down, to American workers, or to the public at large.

OR PERHAPS another reason for public confusion is the report recently appearing in the daily press that American business men are complaining that they are being forced to compete against British goods fabricated out of lease-lend materials sent to Britain and paid for by American taxpayers. In other cases, American businessmen have explained they are forced to relinquish markets because of in-

ability to secure raw materials, while Britain was pleading with us for bigger and better shipments of the same materials to save them from disaster. Strangely enough, a few days later there were press reports that a British spokesman had admitted these charges were true in certain instances, stating that the British goal of business as usual throughout the world had the full support of the American government, it evidently being thought necessary to convince the few remaining neutral countries that Britain can continue to serve world markets at a profit while warding off what are intended to be her deathblows. Then, a day or so later, this admission was flatly denied, but Americans, remembering other denials which turned out to be untrue, couldn't feel too sure, especially when it has been repeatedly charged that much of the reason for shipping shortages is due to British insistence upon covering her old, circuitous trade routes rather than have her ships carry her vital supplies home by the shortest route, regardless of gain or profit. Or in the face of reports, never convincingly denied, that, not too long ago, a new type of British commercial plane was displayed in South America to secure orders while American plane production was straining every nerve and sinew to furnish planes for Britain's defense, these new manufactures being supplemented by planes taken right from the active aerial forces of the United States Army.

Nor, speaking of shipping, do Americans understand why, when convoys were being strongly advocated last Spring and the British Admiralty's own statements divulged the glaring fact that losses of shipments from America had been practically nothing, the reports of shipping losses were suddenly stopped, and, although Americans are left in the dark as to the progress of the battle of the Atlantic, reports available in nearly every European capital and radioed to the United States show that supplies for Britain are getting across in mighty good order considering there is a war.

NOR IS the clarity of American public opinion enhanced by the frequently made, rarely denied charges that an American base is being established in Freetown, Africa, and that Americans are assisting in building bases in Ireland. The fact that an overwhelming number of Congressmen know nothing more about American international activities than what they read in the newspapers is scarcely of consolation to Americans who depend upon Congress as their agent in the democratic process. Nor can they understand the statement that "Convoys mean shooting and shooting means war" in view of the order for American warships to shoot on sight, unless there is an admission we have entered the war without act of Congress, to which the Constitution expressly delegates the power to declare war. The mere statement that American tradition and previous examples warrant such action fails to convince when historical facts are consulted. Congress has never conceded its right to be the sole power to declare war.

Another point of national confusion is the persistent cuddling up of the British and American governments. Many Americans are beginning to wonder if they have just awakened to the true state of affection between Britain and America or, until lately, have they been having bad dreams. Americans, for some reason, seem to persist in remembering Mr. Churchill's statement made shortly after World War I that the whole world situation would have been better had the Americans stayed at home. That was said, of course, after the fighting was ended. Nor can Americans forget what a tossing around American ideals for world democracy and justice received at the hands of her erstwhile allies, the British included, when the supposed purposes for which the war was fought were entirely overlooked as the Allies dived into the loot head over heels. Nor have they forgotten how Britain set the example and led the parade of debtor nations in refusing to pay her war debts and how buses containing American tourists were stoned in the cities of our allies be-

cause the tourists were acclaimed children of "Uncle Shylock." Nor can they forget Britain's early promises of cash on the barrel head and Churchill's statement—"Give us the tools and we will win the war. We have the men,"—which promise led to the lease-lend bill. Nor can they understand why, just a little later, it became necessary for Americans to practically guarantee delivery as far as Iceland. Now, despite the fact that American manpower was claimed unnecessary, Americans are confused by the petulant impatience of the British at America's failure to furnish the soldiers for a new Western Front. The national mind is naturally confused by two recently contradictory statements that American manpower would be a superfluous help and then that civilization can be saved only by America's entry into the conflict with her full resources of men and dollars. But this confusion is hardly greater than the American public's hurt caused by Britain's grumbling at the speed and amount of our charity, especially since our own boys are still training with wooden guns and with trucks marked as tanks; while machine gunners shoot firecrackers to appear realistic in maneuvers and artillerymen flash mirrors to show their guns are supposed to have fired. In view of heavy British disparagements of American efforts, the American public is hard put to understand British offers of a common citizenship.

BUT IF many such matters—and scores more, some much more serious—are matters of conjecture and opinion, "the record" is not. If Churchill's frequent boasts that Britain is winning the war without American shooting, boasts invariably followed by more urgent appeals for American aid and then again followed by more victorious blasts, are confusing to the American mind, some of our own contradictions are equally so.

With our government and various officials calling blatantly for stringent national economy to save the nation, we find in Congress a proposal for an appropriation for a plaque to the inventor of the steel

plow; \$5,000,000 for a Benjamin Harrison National Forest in Indiana; an unestimated sum for an Andrew Johnson Memorial; \$50,000 for some kind of commemoration for General William Campbell of the Revolutionary War; the same amount for a memorial for Major General Jacob Brown; one for \$50,000 for General Pickens and a smaller one for Governor Pickens; \$25,000 for a tribute to Major General Henry Knox; one, unestimated as yet, for Lief Erickson and another one for Francisco Vasquez de Coronado. Among others.

With the President warning us of the stern necessity for preparing for a battle to the finish in American economy, the American public is deeply confused by his truly remarkable persistency in trying to force through Congress under the guise of a defense measure his pet St. Lawrence Waterway proposition, a matter which for years has never been able to stand alone on its own merits but which may now be adopted as a defense measure, even though it will take years to complete, millions in money, and much manpower needed in vital necessities. We also find recommended as a defense measure the ill-odored Florida Ship Canal, a tidy little pork-barrel started back in the early days of the depression without Congressional consent and which was finally stopped and allowed to grow up in weeds. Now, with the nation facing its greatest expenditures and a mammoth tax bill which will lower considerably the American standard of living, we again find this monstrosity up for passage along with a \$28,000,000 Savannah River Project, a \$23,000,000 Columbia River Project, a \$66,000,000 Tombigbee River Project, and various porky items. The American public can not be blamed if it doesn't understand if it is to save or squander. On one hand it is told daily it must cut severely all personal expenditures and, for liberty's sake, sacrifice until it hurts, hurts, hurts; then the next day it reads of government proposals for the wildest spending.

THE AMERICAN public is, of course, perfectly willing to

economize along lines in which scarcities exist, but it can never be sure from the information it receives whether or not the scarcities are real or are only a part of a "war scare psychology." The recent gasoline shortage fiasco is a prime example and is too recent to require repeating. Imagine the sheepishness of those patriotic and conscientious Americans who curtailed their riding when the alleged shortage was announced and who scurried around arranging for men traveling to work by car to ride together, often at a great inconvenience. Imagine their scorn of those who persisted in using as much gasoline as usual and then imagine how red their faces became when they found out the whole affair was a hoax, with 22,000 idle tank cars begging for cargo. A few more such cries of "Wolf! Wolf!" will make public conformity to government warning a difficult matter.

Another excellent example of the "Wolf!" cry is the recent extension of the selectees' term of service. Reluctantly the public agreed to disregard the one-year promise made to the boys, feeling that the increased emergency demanded this breaking of faith. Then to the chagrin and amazement of all, the extension's passage was almost immediately followed by the announcement by high Army officials that the boys would be released in approximately 14 months, due to lack of necessity.

The American public has demonstrated time after time that it hates Hitlerism and all bandit nations, that it is willing to aid Britain, that it is willing to sacrifice to the limit for national safety and to fight for freedom if a real necessity exists, yet it is daily accused of apathy and an extremely low morale. The fact is that the American public is desperately anxious to become uniform in its efforts to do what is best, but, strive as it does, it meets rebuff after rebuff in its efforts to secure any reliable information which will permit it to make up its democratic mind. And, failing in that, it is still not unmindful of its responsibilities, is not apathetic to its dangers, but simply refuses to be made a fool of as easily as some seem to imagine.

Liturgy Comes to its Own in St. Paul

William Walker, O.S.B.

OCTOBER 12 marks the discovery of a new continent. As the year 1492 drew on towards winter three small ships could be seen struggling through the waves towards America. Their admiral was eager for discovery. Many years before, that same desire to explore new lands had led on those Northmen, who had, already before Columbus, set foot on the shores of Newfoundland and penetrated deep into the forests even as far as Minnesota.

In October, 1941, new means of transportation were bringing towards St. Paul, Minnesota, hundreds of new pioneers, not to discover new horizons in material things, not to seek bigger and better means of enjoying the things of this earth, but to rediscover the riches of Christ. Yes, rediscover, because just as Columbus had to rediscover the American continent which had been lost in oblivion after the first visit of the Northmen, so it is necessary today to rediscover those riches of truth and grace which flow through the mystical body of Christ. Our forefathers in the faith not only knew the source of these riches of Christ, but drew deeply from it. We however today, must, as it were, rediscover it and reorient our life towards Christ and His mystical body.

The new Columbus of our days has been Pope Pius X who on November 22, 1903, held this up as his objective: "Our most ardent desire being that the true Christian spirit flourish again, it is necessary to provide (that) . . . the faithful find this spirit at its primary and indispensable source, which is the active participation in the public and solemn prayer of the Church."

All who followed the lead of this holy Pontiff have indeed discovered a new country, where life takes on a different meaning, where new horizons of joy, of peace, and virtue have opened up. To discover it is like a new conversion to the faith.

This explains the enthusiasm of hundreds of priests, religious, and laymen who were streaming to St. Paul from various parts of our country. They came to St. Paul in order to find Christ just as the great apostle had found Him on the way to Damascus. "The archdiocese of St. Paul," said Archbishop John Gregory Murray, "is happy to extend hospitality to all who assemble under the auspices of the Benedictine Liturgical Conference."

The days which elapsed at St. Paul were fruit-

ful days. The theme of the conference was: "The living parish: one in worship, charity and action." Because it is the liturgy which above all unites the parish, the first day was devoted to a study of what the liturgy is and the principal means of participating in it. It was brought out how essential the worship of God is to our nature as God's creatures, and the hope was expressed that America might learn beside the time-worn refrain, "God Bless America," also another theme: "America bless God."

In a scholarly paper read by the Reverend Gerald Ellard, S.J., it was pointed out that all the faithful have the right, duty and power of sharing in the work of the great Liturgist, Jesus Christ. Since the heart of the Church's worship is the Mass the next two papers and discussions were devoted to that treasure hidden in the field of the Church, about which so many Christians know so little. The evening session was given over to a description of actual parish life in parishes which have been oriented around the Church's liturgy.

On the last morning of the Convention, attention was focused on two problems which engage the minds of men today. It was shown first how the liturgy is a God-given means of solving the inequalities which make up the social problems of today. A distinguished layman philosopher then showed how modern culture and civilization needs to be imbued by the liturgy's objective truth and beauty. The Reverend Donald Hayne, who spoke in the afternoon session about the college graduate, said that the liturgical movement has yet a long way to go to influence college life. This session ended with an inspiring paper and discussion on the influence of the liturgy in the field of Catholic Action. "The liturgy and Catholic action are the Siamese twins. Where you find the one you will always find the other."

The evening session was in the nature of a conclusion. Father J. J. Holleran summed up the importance of the liturgical program, a telegram of appreciation with the Papal Blessing from Pope Pius XII was read, and the session ended with an inspiring paper by Bishop Brady of Sioux Falls. The Bishop commented on the chaos of the present and the ominous threats of the future. "In all this confusion," he said, "we should hold on to that inexhaustible source of peace, namely the liturgy."

"....go therefore to the crossroads,
and invite to the marriage feast whom-
ever you shall find." (Matt. 22:9)

We Who Died Last Night

An Appreciation

Jerome Palmer, O.S.B.

AMERICA HAS COME^{*} to set aside each year various weeks to commemorate important movements. The practice serves to make us "conscious" of something we might otherwise overlook. Thus Fire-Prevention Week, with its inspection, drills, and exhibitions, serves to awaken in us a sense of caution against poor wiring and untidy accumulations of inflammable materials. Better Health Week directs our thoughts to fresh air, good food, and recreation. Vocation Week reminds us that we have a definite place in life and should prepare conscientiously for it.

One of the latest "Weeks" to be installed is Book Week, the purpose of which is to make us aware of the value of reading. Despite our vaunted educational systems, and our rising rate of literacy, there are still very many Americans who admit that they do not read a book from January to December. Digests, radio skits, and movies have to a large extent supplanted the book in the lives of many, but no movie and no radio will ever quite be the friend to man that a book is. The permanency is not there. You can't borrow or lend a movie. You can't turn back on a rainy day to the radio skit you once heard. No; a book is a friend, a pal, who stands patiently on your shelf, ready at your beck to give you its entire self. And very often it gives you what you get no-

where else. The author may be crumbling in his grave; the pages may be yellow with age and the type that of a past generation, but the book still lives with "the life blood of a master spirit," vibrant with beauty, hope, inspiration.

A book started Ignatius on his course to sainthood. It was a book—a divine book—that Augustine was told to read when he turned his back on a sinful past. Writing of his own conversion to the

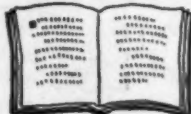
Catholic Faith, Father Owen Francis Dudley says, "I began to read Catholic books." John Moody ascribes his conversion, or at least his final decision to accept the Church, to a passage in Chesterton's *Orthodoxy*. Sheila Kaye - Smith found her lead in Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World*; Shane Leslie found the light in Newman,



Q. M. Phillip



***Books are keys to wisdom's treasure,
Books are gates to lands of pleasure:
Books are paths that upward lead,
Books are friends. Come let us read.***



who in turn found it in the Church Fathers. *The Imitation of Christ*, the *Hound of Heaven*, Dos- toyevsky's *Crime and Punishment* brought Dorothy Day into the fold, while Nils E. Santesson ascribes his interest to so surprising a source as Boccaccio.

Yes, books are powerful influences. It would be hard to single out any one force, not barring the spoken word, that has influenced the lives of men, whether for good or for evil, as have books. Ching Wang, the Chinese iconoclast, was so fearful of their potency that he ordered all books destroyed. The monks and scholars of old were so appreciative of their value that they spent lives and fortunes on the copying and collecting of books.

The part played by the Catholic Church in the preserving and copying of books is a glorious one. While missionaries poured from the ancient and medieval monasteries, other monks labored in the scriptoria, considering it a precious heritage to multiply at any cost the hand illuminated missals, breviaries, psalters, and treatises on science. Thanks to their evaluation of literary treasures, the masterpieces of the classics in Greek and Latin were salvaged from the destructive Vandals, Danes, and other barbarian peoples, bent on touching with their firebrands any and every treasure that the torch could claim. The losses of the monastic libraries in England and on the continent at the time of ruthless persecutors can never be repaired.

Before and including the time of Shakespeare there was only Catholic Literature. In the heat of criticism of Chaucer's obscenity and Langland's attack on laxity in the clergy, some find early glory for the Reformers. But we must never forget that Chaucer's motley crew were *pilgrims* bound for

Canterbury. He boldly intimated by the very vulgarity of some of his stories that monks should keep their vows and nuns should stay in their cloisters. If he was a Reformer, it was in the best sense of the word—not a Reformer who would urge religious and priests to cast off the yoke of their vows and to assert their freedom from all authority.

The same is true of the immortal bard of Avon. Time and again Shakespeare has been called a cattle rustler and a horse thief—but no one can find in his unsurpassed plays the slightest reflection on his Catholicity, and that in a time when to be a Catholic meant to volunteer for the gallows.

America for August 30, 1941, eloquently pleaded in an article by Charles A. Brady for a return in fiction of the Middle Age Catholic *Weltanschauung*, for Catholic writers to shake off the minority complex and to see that Catholic fiction is not a freakish body of saccharine, gooey people and miraculous situations. Catholic fiction can be and should be the best that is written. With centuries of tradition and a code of ethics that commands the respect of the whole world, Buddhist, pagan, or Jewish, Catholic fiction has potentialities that have not been touched for ages.

We have shelves of stories, stories about good people, children who pray and grown-ups who weep, people who live good, upright lives and die edifying deaths. Thank God

for every edifying tale. It is not our purpose to condemn Ada Merton or Ben Regan. But books like these are on a pietistic, not on a literary shelf. If we want to read only idealized lives, they will suffice. Certainly they leave the "lived-happily-ever-after" satisfaction.

This kind of writing may be and more often than not is unfair and untrue. It is a false portrayal of life, or at least a false portrayal of most

WE WHO DIED LAST NIGHT

"Undoubtedly the general public will love the vigor and daring of the style. And they will have difficulty in avoiding some personal improvement on their part, once they have read the story."

"Anton Lippert is going to have more of an influence on the reading public than Pat Mulligan, simply because the problems that he deals with, especially those regarding the holy virtue of purity, touch the man of the street more than do those of Pat Mulligan. The problem of continence is a serious one today, and the manliness with which Anton faces it is going to be a help to many a reader."

"God knows that we need this kind of book and need it badly. When I say 'we,' I mean the kind of people who are twisted and tempted, who fall, and get up, and fall again, and see no prospect of success in themselves, and do not see any here to look to except one whom the hagiographers have denuded of personality and humor and weakness. . . . Putting the book down one feels the inevitable stirring and purifying of the emotions which is the test of genuine drama. There is a feeling akin to having made a good confession."

Three quotations from priests who have read the book.

lives. If the movies are condemned for creating a wrong notion of success in the artificial happiness of screen life, then books, guilty of the same error, even though the falsity be no more than a pious exaggeration, are to suffer the same treatment.

Some Catholics unfortunately are slaves of drink; some, again unfortunately, rob their neighbor by paying an unjust wage, cheat in selling adulterated goods, and some, when they find their mates no longer attractive with the freshness of a honeymoon, remove the marriage bond as if it were an old coat, and go in quest of a second and sinful union. If the novel is to be true it must cope with situations like these. Willa Cather, though herself not a Catholic, gave us a good novel in *Death Comes for the Archbishop*, not trying to gloss over the dark side of men's lives, or to accentuate their virtues. She won the plaudits of discretionary readers. Huysmans recounts his own conversion, though it entails narrating (decently, of course) the depths of his previous life. No one would hesitate to call the *Confessions of St. Augustine* great literature, and he minced no words in describing the early victories of Satan over his soul.

THE GRAIL is proud to announce in connection with Catholic Book Week (November 2-10) a "first novel" by a writer familiar to GRAIL readers as the author of "The Gentleman Desires Peace."

WE WHO DIED LAST NIGHT

By
*Quentin Morrow
Phillip*

\$2.00

Quentin Morrow Phillip has dipped his pen into the realities of broken homes to describe both the depths of perversion and the cost of conversion. There is no timid hinting at Catholic principles, but a thundering of the teachings of Christ and the Church. The characters in *WE WHO DIED LAST NIGHT* are true flesh and blood people, some of whom have been burnt in life. They have known the sting of the flesh and they learn to pay the price. Adam Babcock and Peter Uzzell might have followed Mick Dreiser to the Potter's Field but for an intrepid trust in God and a determination to cling to him, cost what it may. The sermonizing in this book is all in the story, and he who reads will never miss the potency of Catholic doctrine.

The saccharine, the pietistic, is not here, for life is made of sterner stuff. Madison Street, Chicago, and Halsted are not convent gardens and are not to be treated as such. Yet, in the shells of humanity that slump in the shadows of burlesque signs and elevated tracks are human souls for whom Christ died, souls sullied not so much because of any fault of theirs as because they are victims of a heartless world, a senseless civilization, and when they have been deprived of home and those they loved by some conscienceless social system, it is either ruin, spiritual and material, or religion. Tony Lippert tried them both, and what happened to him is told in *WE WHO DIED LAST NIGHT*.

Mr. Phillip does not spare his readers the hard facts of life, even when it means following the out-cast members of society into their very haunts of vice, whither they assemble to outrage Christ and themselves in riotous quest of pleasure. But God is there, too, and His grace is at work there, as it was for Saul on the way to Damascus. The little brown jug, a politically controlled police force, an unchristian social system, each comes in for its vigorous handling, but the book does far more than chide a corrupt and decadent society; it shows the way out for the suffering victim—and that way is principle. Principle defeats temptations, defeats self, defeats the world. Thank God for a religion that furnishes such principles.

If you want to make Book Week memorable for yourself, order your copy of this novel today. Price till November 10 is \$1.50. After that \$2.00.



Aimée Torriani

The Jester's Prayer

Illustrated by Pierre Juzet

It was in late November, 1226, that the Court Jester of Anresson announced to his lord that the ambitious and much feared Hugh of Valmondrois, was at the castle gates, ready to appropriate the castle, to put to death the Lord Jean, and to banish his daughter and sole heir, Raimonde. The faithful Jester, who had prayed that Raimonde's would be an unusual life—one in which she would bring peace and beauty into the lives of others—smuggled the child out of the castle and took her to a convent of nuns at Des Fleurs. A mishap in their flight resulted in a lapse of memory for Raimonde, and try as she would, she could not recall any of the circumstances of her early life.

CHAPTER III

THE CONVENT

CHRISTMAS EVE of the year 1226 had been one of storms and icy winds. The chapel of the convent Des Fleurs was so cold that a chill went through the nuns assembled for early Mass. They welcomed the blazing fire in the refectory and hovered over it with hardly a thought of breaking their long fast. Finally, they were seated at the table with bowls of steaming bread and milk before them, and little attention was paid to Henri, the gardener, when he knocked on the partly opened door.

"Come in, Henri," said Sister Eloise, as she rose to meet him. He walked over to the fireplace and deposited his burden on a long, low settle. He turned and spoke to the sisters, bewilderment and pity in his rough voice.

"Sisters, a strange, travel-weary man, who refused so much as to open his mouth left this poor child on the convent doorstep and then fled, as though pursued. The girl's clothes were rich at one time but she is almost frozen from exposure, and her garments are worn and stained with travel."

Sister Eloise knelt beside the motionless figure and began rubbing the icy, frost-bitten hands. She sent Henri to the yard for snow to pat on the fingers and toes of the newcomer.

By this time all the sisters had gathered around the fire, amazed and excited over the great event of a visitor. The winters were so cold and severe in that part of France, once the snows began, travelers seldom passed the convent.

Raimonde, small for her age, looked younger than her eleven years. Her hair was fair and her eyes the blue that oft seemed violet. Her cheeks were pale and worn, but there was a strength about her mouth, her beautiful teeth and firm little chin, which gave character to her, forlorn though she then seemed.

When the child eventually awakened, she could only be induced to say a few words. After she had eaten a large bowl of bread and rice steaming hot, she fell asleep again, from great weariness.

The days passed and the good sisters found that Raimonde would tell them nothing about herself. . . she remembered nothing to tell. She made it quite plain, however, that she was happy and wished to remain with the sisters. When questioned about her life, she became really frightened. Even to remember her name took her several days. Then, as if gradually emerging from a dream, she said to Sister Angele, "I know my name at last; I recall it, it is Raimonde, just Raimonde. Don't ask me to remember more; I do try, dear Sister, but I cannot bring anything back."

Sister Angele, who before coming to the convent was the Princess Teresa of Spain, became greatly attached to Raimonde, and she requested of the Abbess that the girl be allowed to remain at the convent. The Abbess, who was of Spanish descent herself and devoted to Sister Angele, was happy to grant this request. So it was agreed that the child Raimonde would remain at Des Fleurs.

"The girl has had a terrible fall, causing a great shock. The scar on her head, not entirely healed,

shows us that. This may be the cause of her loss of memory." The Abbess remarked to Sister Angele when they were discussing Raimonde.

"Perhaps if she were taught to read and to write, and meditate on the great mysteries of Holy Church, she would regain this gift of God," Sister Angele answered piously.

The Abbess was proud of this young nun, who besides her noble disposition and piety displayed an unusual gift for writing. The young Sister Angele had, in her few years in the cloister, compiled and written the "Lives of the Saints," one of the first such biographies ever written by a woman.

Thus, it was that for an hour or more each afternoon Sister Angele would read aloud from her book, asking Raimonde to repeat, first in her own childish way the words that she understood, then later, she made her go over and over again, the exact text, until she read perfectly from the illuminated manuscript, so beautifully printed and painted by the talented young nun. Raimonde did this willingly and with great accuracy.

However, Sister Angele, found great difficulty in teaching her the principal requirements of a gentlewoman, such as needlework and fine embroidery, for Raimonde found this work utterly distasteful. She was tender with young animals, of which there were many about the convent grounds. The girl fed and cared for these creatures of the out of doors. She loved the birds above everything, "because," she confided to Sister Angele, "they are the troubadours of the air." For these she would save all the bread given her with her broth, and break it into crumbs to feed the pigeons, doves, and other winged animals which were also plentiful about the cloister walls and trees.

Sister Angele, seeing that the troubadours were people whom Raimonde seemed to remember something about, talked of them often, explaining to Raimonde how these groups of travelling singers and entertainers were trying to bring joy and song into the lives of those people living in the castles, now so overwrought with constant plunder and warfare.

Sister Angele also spoke to Raimonde of the "Little man, Francis of Assisi," who, in a friar's habit, barefooted and hatless, was not afraid to speak the gospel of peace, gentleness and love to Sultan, Pope, Saints, sinners, rich and poor, to beasts and birds. She showed the girl a picture she had painted of Francis, preaching to these birds. Raimonde loved this picture and asked permission of the good Sister, to hang it where she might see it as she knelt at her morning and night prayers.

Sister Angele questioned Raimonde further, hoping to find out how she knew anything about the troubadours, but the child remembered nothing, except that she loved the troubadours and the birds, because they both sang. She too, loved to sing. Music held great charm for Raimonde. She liked to be in chapel at choir practice, when the sisters learned the new chants. At these times, she would kneel in a far corner where the twilight shadows were deepest and listen attentively, sometimes singing very softly to herself.

At times she seemed more like a young boy than a girl nearing twelve years of age. It was certain that she disliked women's clothes. She finally prevailed upon Sister Angele to make her a suit of green cloth, after the fashion of a Court Page. It consisted of a long close-fitting doublet, a loose jerkin bound at the waist by a wide leather girdle. When she wore this costume, she would wrap her hair tightly under a little green hood, tied at her chin.

Some of the nuns disapproved of this costume, but the Abbess allowed Raimonde to wear it when she worked out in the garden. In the late afternoons she was asked to wear a dress of dull blue edged with grey and also to bind her heavy golden hair in a fillet.

One day, to the consternation of the good sisters, Raimonde cut off her hair. She was a forlorn looking girl when she appeared in the chapel at Vesper time. Sister Angele wept quietly over the lost beauty and havoc caused by her wilful protégé. She knelt a long time at the altar of the Virgin asking forgiveness for Raimonde. Before retiring, the good sister spent two wearisome hours with sharp scissors in an effort to bring order to the tangled head.

That night Raimonde slipped into her bed with a peaceful heart. Her long hair off gave her a sense of freedom and satisfaction. Her tresses now hung to the tips of her ears in a straight line, characteristic of the boys and Court Pages. It seemed to fit her head like a golden helmet.

The slim, boyish-looking girl could not remember one clear thing about her childhood, and her strange notions about clothes, coupled with her desire for outdoor life and freedom, made her a problem to the kind sisters. Sister Angele, begged the other nuns to be patient with her. She often said to them, "Do not scold her. More is gained by prayer than by criticism."

So it was that these sisters, who tried their utmost to be sincere and kindly at heart, prayed long hours that Raimonde might become more womanly.

A year passed uneventfully. Raimonde loved all out-of-door work. She knew well how to plant the rose garden, and was of the greatest assistance to Henri, the gardener, on all things pertaining to the caring for, and transplanting of bushes, flowers or vegetables. All of these gifts of nature were bountiful and beautiful at Des Fleurs.

When the winter snows came again, the garden was no longer a place in which to linger, so Raimonde spent hours with Sister Bertha, a nun who had charge of copying on parchment, the chants and religious music that came, from time to time, to the convent, by courier from Rome. So sure was Raimonde's sense of pitch that she could read off the new music and sing it softly over and over to Sister Bertha. Then the sister, in turn, would teach all the nuns at morning practice. Sister Bertha, had a beautiful voice, but until Raimonde came to the cloister, the sister had found the reading of music, extremely difficult. With this strange child's help, the nun found herself attaining with ease, what she had striven for, so hopelessly, before. It was hard to fathom the girl's great gift and understanding of music.

Sister Bertha, like Sister Angele, told Raimonde much about the troubadours and the work they were doing, introducing singing and poetry into the courts of France, Italy, Germany and Portugal, as a wholesome, inspiring form of amusement. The sister told her, too, of the art of rhyme just coming from far off Arabia, through Spain, thence carried on through all of Europe by these traveling jongleurs and troubadours.

When the sisters were telling her these strange tales, Raimonde felt they had a deep, and great significance in her life, yet in vain she tried to recall from whom she had heard such stories before.

Raimonde seemed contented through the long confining months of her second winter at Des Fleurs, and she brought much joy to those cloistered in the convent.

Des Fleurs was in a lonely part of the country, situated at the edge of a deep forest that lay between Orleans and Blois. When the snows were deep, scarcely anyone ever stopped at the convent gate.

One night at the beginning of the new year, a faint knock came at the gate. The lay sister opening it, found two chilled, bedraggled troubadours. The sight of their unhappy condition and weariness, and the half starved look of their horses, prompted her to ask of the Abbess, permission to give these wayfarers shelter for the night.

The men explained that two months previous they had started on their way to Valmondroids,

bound for the castle of the great Duke Hugh, to join the merrymaking. They had been attacked by robbers, left by the roadside, bruised and insensible. After two miserable days, they had been rescued by some peasants, who were returning from a journey to Rennes. The peasants had taken them to a humble farm, where they cared for the weary travellers and fed their horses, until they were able to travel again: They then started for Valmondroids, but were overtaken by a heavy storm, and having lost their way, they had turned in at the convent gate.

The men were ill and exhausted from the exposure and ordeal they had been through. The Abbess made haste to offer them some of their choice wine, and hot food, and she gave them lodging for the night in a little cottage that belonged to Henri, the gardener. After a night and a day of warmth and proper food, the troubadours regained their strength and good spirits, and for one hour before the blazing refectory grate, regaled the good sisters with chosen bits of news from the King and reports from the Holy Wars.

Raimonde, in her quaint costume of jerkin and hose, chosen, so she claimed to the nuns, for comfort and warmth, seemed but a slim youth to the casual troubadours. She listened to their tales of the outside world, and as she listened, she longed to hear more of their songs of travel and adventure. Nor did she hesitate to ask Jacque, the younger of the men, to teach her the use of the lute.

When it came time to depart, Jacque being proud of his apt pupil, presented Raimonde with a lute, declaring that he had no need of two. He, thinking that Raimonde was a boy, suggested that the youth become a troubadour and in parting, advised Raimonde to study with his master, the great Iwain de Ealaise.

That night, after the travellers had departed, Raimonde carried her lute to her bare, chilly little room. As she knelt beside her bed, looking at the picture of the "Little Man of Assisi" she asked God that she might some day become a troubadour. Sleep seemed far away, as she lay on her hard bed fingering the strings of her new-found treasure and dreaming of a world that lay far from the protecting gates of the cloister. If only she could remember, possibly she would find out that her father had been a troubadour. She wanted so to be a boy, and have the chance at freedom and adventure that only men seemed to have in the world. Raimonde, hardly closed her eyes that night, but try as she would, she could not bring back to her mind any coherent pattern of her life before her advent into the lives of the sisters at the convent.

Before the winter passed, another visitor knocked at the convent gate. Snow lay so deep, it seemed to form a silent white shroud over the land that surrounded the cloister. The sky was grey, and at noonday the sisters had barely finished their bowls of hot soup when a knocking was heard at the outer gate. Raimonde asked permission to answer the summons, declaring that her costume was better suited to the deep snow drifts than the long garments worn by the lay sisters. The Abbess, nodded her consent. Raimonde hastened from the refectory, running lightly through the chill hall, unbolted the heavy oak door and entered the courtyard. By the time she reached the outer gate, her hands and feet were stiff. The lock was rusty and she toiled for a long time before she could turn the great key.

When at last, she opened the huge iron gate, a man on a bedraggled horse confronted her; he was ghastly pale and silent before her, until she spoke.

"You wish admittance to the convent?" Raimonde asked shyly.

"I am near to death," said the man, and after saying this, he dropped forward on his horse and for a moment lay in a swoon.

Raimonde, knew from past experience that the nuns were always ready and willing to give shelter to any suffering mortal, so she spoke quickly, "Let me help you; afterwards I will take your horse to a stall and feed him. First, we must see the good sisters."

The man managed to get off his horse, and Raimonde led the way to the hallway, slowly, for his progress was difficult. When, at length they reached the refectory, he seemed powerless to move another step. The Abbess rushed forward and supported the fainting man, led him to a bench before the fire. Sister Angele, gazed at the man and uttered a low cry of amazement.

"Philippe Philippe, do you not recognize me, your cousin Teresa?"

The man opened his eyes wearily and looked up into her eyes.

"Teresa you here you have taken the veil?" Then he sank into unconsciousness.

The next few hours were filled with wonder and excitement for Raimonde. She vaguely remembered men such as this, in her life before. She learned that the man was Philippe of Ramy, that he had returned from the Crusades to find that his castle had been besieged, the town guarded by soldiers and many of his peasants' homes and farm houses burned to the ground. On approaching his own castle to demand entrance, he had been wounded by arrows of the conquering enemy, Robert de Verley.

Philippe managed to tell his story bit by bit to the Abbess and Sister Angele. Raimonde gathered from what she could overhear that Philippe was determined to regain his lost possessions. That he had started out intending to gather troops from his uncle in the north of France, but a storm had arisen and he had been lost in the forest for five days, and finally emerged to the road that led past the cloister. He was severely wounded, and close to death from exposure and lack of food. For days he lay in a small bare room in the main building of the convent, usually given to visiting church dignitaries. Fever raged through his wasted body; save for the careful nursing of Sister Angele, the Abbess, and Raimonde, Philippe might have died.

For a month Philippe remained at the cloister. One day Raimonde heard him say to Sister Angele, "There is a great mystery surrounding Deraine's death, I dare not trust myself even to speak to either Hugh or Robert about it; else I might kill them both outside of battle."

When Philippe was well enough to leave the convent, his parting words to Sister Angele were: "Farewell, dear cousin, I find great comfort in knowing that you have taken the veil, for of a truth no woman has any life in the world today, with warfare on every side. God keep thee in safety in this peaceful cloister."

Sister Angele wept bitterly as she watched her cousin ride away. As Raimonde tried in her youthful, girlish way to comfort her, the nun spoke openly and tenderly of Deraine's death.

(To be Continued)



Maternity Ward

KATHLEEN lay luxuriously against the smooth sheets of her high hospital bed and let loose a slow breath of sheer ecstasy. Perhaps the sound produced might have been mistaken for a sigh but actually it bore no relationship at all to that doleful thing. Rather it was the audible release of at least a sliver of joy which threatened to consume all of Kathleen's being. For Kathleen Allen, aged twenty-two, had last night become the mother of her first born son.

"Hello," said a cheery voice. "How do you feel?"

"Wonderful," said Kathleen and turned toward the opposite bed from which the voice had come. She only turned her head, as she'd been cautioned to remain on her back for her first day at least and she was determined to cooperate in every possible way so that she might be the best kind of a mother for her son.

The woman in the opposite bed was past the first flush of youth. She might even be almost out of her thirties. That fact struck Kathleen as odd because one got so used to seeing only very young women becoming mothers. Maybe that was because most families were limited to a single child and that was had early in married life and that was finally that. It was rare that you met an older woman in the store or markets in the smock like "anticipation" frocks now in vogue. Or could that fact be explained by the corollary that such women perhaps were not able to meander about markets and "blessed event" shops but were rather at home caring for a number of demanding and lusty youngsters?

"Your first baby?" asked the woman, and as she spoke her face softened into a nice smile.

"Yes, my first baby." Kathleen echoed the words, glorying in their sound. Her first baby. Hers and Robert's. Oh, lovely words indeed.

"Girl or boy?" the other queried with genuine interest in the tone.

"A boy," gloated Kathleen. "A big boy. Almost eight pounds. I was so giddy with ether and all

when they showed him to me that I have only a hazy idea as to what he looks like. Except of course that he was beautiful." She grinned, "But aren't they all?"

"Every one of them."

Kathleen realized then that she had neglected to ask about the child of the other. She must keep the strange circumstance in mind as much as she could that other women were not likely to realize how utterly unique and splendid was the offspring of herself and Robert. They were likely to consider their own on the marvelous side.

"Was yours a boy or girl?" Kathleen asked.

"A girl," said the other. "My one and only girl," and she laughed. "You see, I have seven boys at home."

"Not really," gasped Kathleen.

"You'd think really, if you knew them. They're every bit as full of pep as boys should be."

"I can't imagine how she does it," a thin little voice put in, and Kathleen craned her neck further to locate the source of this contribution to the conversation. In the third occupied bed she saw a young woman in a slightly inclined position in the bed. Her baby must be days old at least.

The woman nearest them made introductions, "That's Mrs. Hayes and she has a boy too. I'm Mrs. Sharon."

"I'm Mrs. Allen," Kathleen said and then there was an air of coziness about them all as though they were all at an important social gathering. But naturally no social gathering rendezvous could ever touch in significance the cause which had brought them together thusly.

The ward consisted of four beds all placed at a pleasant and adequate distance apart and equipped with sheltering screens which were for the moment pulled aside. It was Kathleen's first opportunity to take stock of her surroundings as it had been very early morning when her ether dreams had been of being wheeled and lifted into bed and Robert leaning over and kissing her tenderly before he tiptoed

away. She knew she was going to enjoy her stay. She had been right to insist on ward accommodation rather than a private room.

Mrs. Hayes continued, "In a way I envy her with her big family. At least she'll know what to do with this new one. Now I'm scared to death. I don't know the first thing about taking care of a baby. I've never even touched one so young."

"Never you mind," soothed Mrs. Sharon. "It'll come to you, it just does."

"That's how I feel," Kathleen put in. "I guess I'm as ignorant as they come, but I'm sure I'll manage. Goodness, he's my very own baby, isn't he?"

"You should know." And Sharon was laughing at her in an indulgent friendly way. This Sharon was nice. Imagine having eight children and laughing so much. But of course that's the way it should be. It was just the modern ideas that made big families grim and depressing affairs. Kathleen herself had never believed a large family anything but

desirable and lovely. Nor could she help but think of brothers and sisters as treasured possessions when she'd spent a lonely childhood yearning for at least one of them. She had been the type of child whose consciousness groped back to earliest remembrance of doting aunts and uncles and grandparents leaning over a crib, extravagantly praising young progress, and on through the years, leaning affectionately over her but never, never actually by her side. She loved these fond relatives! She loved them every one, but only the heaven that receives little girl prayers could measure her need of boy or girl companionship. And that was what she was going to have for this new son of hers; that is, if God should hear the prayer now of her maturity.

Robert teased her a little about the intensity of her idea. It was hard for him to see how important it was. After all he'd taken the blessedness of family life for granted with his sister and two big brothers. It was only the starved only child who

The Victim's Prayer

I saw a man upon a bed of pain,
His eyes like stars that challenged me to say:

"How can your eyes be full of smiles today
While racked and twisted, thy poor broken clod
Of flesh is tortured by a heartless God?
Why curse you not, nor clench your fist at Him?
When will your tears and pain o'erflow the brim
Of your bright eyes and flood your soul with hate?"

Thus blindly blasphemed I
While with a gentle sigh
This broken man, this victim on a bed
Answered my blasphemy, and this is what he said:

"My pain was wasted once, and bitter too,
At every twinge of pain I cursed at God as you.
But blessed be God there came a happy day
When I learned how to suffer as I pray:

As daily at the Altar prays the priest
And elevates the Host above his head,
So offer I my body on this bed,
My frail and broken body, fever-burnt
In hours of pain this lesson have I learnt.
I join myself with Jesus on His cross
So nothing of my pain is ever lost:
This is my body, Christ, lift it on high;
Receive each muffled groan and painful sigh.

For suffering borne helps me to keep fresh
The likeness of the Savior in my flesh."

Walter Sullivan, O.S.B.



could comprehend the bleak aspect of being always and ever alone.

Robert had objected to this ward idea. "But Honey," he'd protested, "you know what a finicky little thing you are. Are you sure you'd be happy sharing a room with strangers. You know how useful you are to your own things."

"I want to share." And she hadn't intended it to sound as fierce as it had.

"All right, all right," Robert had tilted her face up to look into her eyes, "just as you say, but I thought a nice private room."

"No need," said Kathleen. "There's no difference in the care and a great difference in price." She was determined that this was the beginning. It was not the end and entirety of maternity. Most of her friends had that attitude and they spent as much time assembling their hospital wardrobe as they would a travel outfit. And it was a time to receive guests in fluffy bed jackets, at the discretion of a swank obstetrician and to go home and go over afterward referring to the time when "Junior was born." Not for Kathleen Allen. Those who were interested in seeing her could find their way to the ward of St. Mary's, and her baby would still be the most wondrous one in the antiseptic nursery and her doctor, capable though unfashionable, and there would be money in the bank for this child and the next and the next unto the fullest of the Creator's generosity. It was stimulating to encounter this Mrs. Sharon, and where but in the maternity ward would Kathleen have met her?

The nurse came in. "Good morning, ladies. Oh hello, Mrs. Allen, you slept right through breakfast, how do you feel now?"

"Wonderful," said Kathleen and as she spoke she realized she said and thought that word a good number of times today. But even though she worked the word to death she'd never succeed in indicating how wonderful everything was.

"Fine," the nurse said. "Now for the baths and a little primping up and then the babies come. Or would you rather have a cup of tea first?"

"Oh I'd rather see my baby," cried Kathleen, and everyone laughed.

It felt good to be bathed and to be deftly rubbed with alcohol and slipped competently into her nice gown and then to be left in a fragrant cloud of talcum powder to survey the very improved reflection of her own face. As best she could, Kathleen brushed the red gold mass of her long bob and tied it back with a narrow blue ribbon. All her things were conveniently placed in a drawer of a bed stand close by. There it all was as she'd packed it

three weeks ago in keeping with the advice of her book, "For The Expectant Mother." The tooth brush and cold cream and face powder and ribbon to tie her hair. It made her feel right at home to discover these personal possessions awaiting her.

She had just finished her toilet and had dropped back from her elbow when she heard the babies coming down the corridor. "Laaa! Laaa, Laaa," came their cries. "Laaa, Laaa" nearer and nearer and Kathleen's heart went tumbling out to meet them pounding an accompaniment. Mrs. Sharon laughed, "Hungry little tikes aren't they? I think that loudest yell belongs to my Mary."

"You've named her already?" asked Kathleen.

"Oh I always knew that if I ever had a girl I'd call her Mary."

And then the babies were there. A bundle for each bed. When the nurse with the antiseptic mask over the lower part of her face approached Kathleen, Kathleen could hardly believe that he was to be here where she could see and touch him, her little son.

"Just for a few minutes today," said the nurse. And Kathleen was left to contemplate in humble ecstasy all she could see. Not much could be seen out of the expert swirl of blankets. There was only visible a small round head, a puckered looking face and a groping mouth and a foam of dark hair. Robert had dark hair.

Hardly daring to move, Kathleen lay there loving him, adoring him and thanking God for the privilege of possessing an honest to goodness miracle as her own.

The time went much too soon and then they whisked the babies away and the luncheon trays came jingling near.

She had never been so hungry before; how savory it all was. Cream soup, hot tea, green peas, a mound of mashed potatoes and juicy roast beef. It was good to be hungry on one's own account when meals of the past few months had taken on the semblance of duty.

In spite of all her sleep, Kathleen took a nap right after lunch. She was awakened by a voice in the room and opened her eyes to encounter the gaze of one of the Sisters. For an instant it was as though she were a girl again and in boarding school, awakening to a Sister's face.

"Did I wake you up, Mrs. Allen? I'm sorry," Sister said.

"How do you do, Sister," greeted Kathleen.

"I wouldn't have come in," Sister went on, "but we are bringing a new patient in and I wanted to tell you about her first."

"The more the merrier," said Sharon.

"That's right," agreed Hayes. "I like company."

"A full house," Kathleen put in.

"This one may not be so merry," Sister said. "She lost her baby."

"Oh Sister," Kathleen gasped and quailed in sympathy. "You don't mean..."

"Yes," said Sister "the new baby was born dead." The voice of the Nun was at an even professional keel but her eyes were filled with compassion and understanding.

"Poor thing," murmured Sharon, and Hayes lifted a cleansing tissue toward her eyes.

"We think it best," Sister explained, "for her to be in a room with others. I know you'll all do your best to make it pleasant for her."

Sister left them and Kathleen said, her voice choked with feeling, "As if anything could make it pleasant for her. I don't see how she can bear it."

"You sometimes have to bear things," Sharon quietly said. "The same thing happened to me."

Hayes lowered the tissue from her swimming eyes and said, "Do you mean to say you ever ventured another pregnancy after losing a child at birth?"

"Of course I did," Sharon said. "That was my first and now I have eight."

"You must be a very brave person," Kathleen said.

"What else was there to do?" asked Sharon.

"Well," Hayes said, "I'll never have the nerve to go through it again, as it is; to go through it again and if my baby hadn't lived..." her voice trailed away.

"You'll have the nerve when you need it," declared Sharon. "We all do. We have to go on."

There was the roll of rubber wheels on the floor and the wheeling stretcher came in propelled by three nurses.

Among them they quietly lifted the patient into the bed.

"Comfortable?" one asked.

"Thank you, yes." A gentle voice said.

"This is Mrs. Douglas," the nurse addressed the ward. Mrs. Sharon, Allen and Hayes." And the nurses were gone and there they were, the

bereft mother and the three happy ones. Kathleen felt sick with pity and frantically she groped in her mind for a safe topic of conversation. Anything which didn't have to do with babies—and she whose every breath was conscious of the miracle of a son.

They all plunged into talk that didn't matter. Quilt making. The price of sugar. Mrs. Roosevelt. Anything, anything at all. It was the newcomer herself who shattered the taboo. "My baby was born dead," she suddenly said, brushing past the meaningless chatter. The words were not addressed to the occupants of the ward. It was to the hills and sky and universe. It was a shriek and a lament.

"May God keep him ever an angel," Sharon quickly said. "And may He and His Mother take care of you."

"Dear heaven," cried Mrs. Douglas and she began to shake in soundless sobs. Immediately Hayes lunged at her bell. The other saw the motion and quieted and said, "Please don't. I'm all right."

When the nurse came in Sharon asked, "May we please have some fresh water," and when she left Douglas softly said, "Thank you, I didn't mean to make a fuss but you can't know how I feel."

"I can remember how I felt," Sharon declared. "I lost my first and now I have eight."

The other woman looked at her and her features seemed to soften and she almost breathed the words, "I'll come back as soon as I can."

It was easier after that and the talk drifted up and down and was not afraid to reach over and include the subject wrapped around all their hearts, the subject of motherhood. And as they talked Kathleen began to realize and appreciate what motherhood really meant. It meant being afraid like this Hayes, being shy and incompetent but nevertheless going on. It meant being strong like Sharon, lonely and desolate like Douglas, and yearning like herself. It meant being human like all of them, yet somehow eluding the fetters of that humanity. It meant the capacity to combine joy and grief and to bear the burden of both and to walk

unflinching ahead, past the jeers and condemnations of the multitudes. Past all mundane obstacles on toward the ultimate goal. Always alone and never alone... with God's Mother walking on ahead.



HOW WOULD YOU like to invest \$100 per year of your wages in the concern with which you work and at the end of 18 years take out \$16,500 instead of the \$1800 you put in and make a living wage besides? This is an actual example taken from among those corporations which follow, in part at least, the Catholic plan for social-justice. A better understanding of the Church's plans for an equitable sharing of the world's wealth and earnings will dispel much of the dismal gloom which hovers over the future struggles of Capital and Labor.

Today three remedies are offered to the world for the solution of its economic warfare among classes: Liberalism—called monopolistic Capitalism in economic discussions; Communism or totalitarianism, in which private ownership is subordinated to either the State or the proletariat; and Christianity. Of the various Christian sects, the Catholic Church is the only one which offers definitely constructive plans for the betterment of humanity's economic conditions.

To understand properly the three solutions, it is not enough to study the advantages they propose; it is also necessary to understand their intentions and purposes to see their ultimate good or evil. Naturally, remedies based upon foundations fundamentally unsound can not hope to succeed permanently.

In discussing Liberalism or Capitalism, it is necessary to define terms; otherwise we shall be talking at cross purposes. Today many progressive moves for bettering humanity are called liberalism, but the Liberalism here referred to is liberalism in its historical sense. When Capitalism is used here it means monopolistic capitalism in which a very few individuals amass great wealth and power at the expense of the working classes and then use them for their own selfish ends. Although the word capitalism is sometimes used to express private ownership, it has come to mean mostly that kind of economic operations which tend to deprive the masses of their just and natural rights and privileges. For example, in this connection we often speak of the struggle between the rich and poor as the fight between Capital and Labor.

Liberalism made its first great gains during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries and was based upon unsound principles from its very birth. It began as a rebellion against religious and spiritual authority as people of radical tendencies rebelled against that authority which is always vital to liberty. They forgot that society without duly constituted authority breeds license instead of liberty

The Three Remedies

H. C. McGinnis

In a series of three very timely articles H. C. McGinnis will be giving the apparent causes for the strife frequently appearing in the world and the solution as taught in the Encyclicals of the Pope. It is a most timely and valuable contribution to the world's peace. McGinnis having no axe to grind

and that license, sooner or later, brings chaos and misery.

It wasn't long before this Liberalism invaded the fields of politics and economics. In the political field it preached the right of the individual over the rights of the group or the common good. This principle is obviously unsound and even the most rabid of Liberals do not presume to uphold it, except in the instances in which it serves their own selfish ends. For example, under Liberalism, in which every man is free to act as he chooses with no regard for the rights and safety of his fellow men, a man with smallpox should be perfectly free to circulate in public if that suits his strength and purpose. According to Liberal doctrines, this is his much prized "liberty." Yet your liberty and my liberty should give us the privilege to go about our daily activities without being forced to face unnecessary dangers, so obviously even the most Liberalistic government must set up some form of authority governing the actions of the individual. Strangely enough, the most rabid Liberals—those who insist upon the exercise of personal license to the maximum degree—are the very first to squawk raucously when some one else's "personal liberty" interferes with their own. The man who insists it is his God-given privilege to blare away with his radio until 2 A.M. is the very fellow who wants to commit mayhem when his neighbor's radio gets too loud at 9 P.M. Since any community has the natural right to expect and insist that even the most pronounced music lovers respect the bed time hours required by its everyday mode of life, it is very evident that to get the maximum good and enjoyment out of life, everyone must submit to some form of authority, thus submitting personal desires to the common good of all. Since some form of authority and some set of guiding principles are imperative to anything except chaotic living, the problem boils down to a matter of selecting the proper authority and the correct set of guiding principles. So far, no one has been able to improve upon God's divine and natural laws and,

ies Offered Labor

. McGinnis

will discuss the real problem confronting Labor, comparing between Capital and Labor, and outlining the evils of Capitalism. It is as fair a treatise as can be written, Mr. McGinnis will grind for either camp.

although the Liberals profess to have done so, they always seek the shelter and protection of these laws whenever their own interests are endangered.

Despite its very plainly seen fallacies, Liberalism soon became a power in economic life and it is with its economic phase that we are now concerned. Liberalism soon became known as Capitalism and as the evils of Capitalism increased, it grew into monopolistic Capitalism which has been responsible for the misery, ruin and death of millions. For Liberalism preaches the right of the strong to acquire wealth and power at the expense of the weak and to amass both for selfish purposes and to further oppress the poor and the unfortunate.

Capitalism, to succeed, requires Liberalism in both government and religion. From government it expects no interference in its depredations upon natural resources and insists that the State must stand aside and not hinder the "liberty" of those who wish to plunder everybody and everything. Naturally, to protect this license, Capitalism must dominate the political activities of the State. This it does by bringing its amassed wealth into play with the usual result that it succeeds in electing officials favorable to capitalistic greed.

Capitalism has little to offer the common people except economic misery and a false form of political freedom. Although Capitalism insists it is not unjust since there is nothing in the law which says the poorest man in the land can not attain great wealth, actually, in practice, this is scarcely possible. With the control of nine-tenths of the nation's wealth and resources in the hands of one-twentieth of the population, there is little left for the poor to acquire.

Capitalism thrives best when it can make labor a commodity subject to the law of supply and demand without any regard of the rights of the workers to maintain their families. When Capitalism finds machines which, by replacing human workers, make wealth more quickly, it has no scruples in denying labor the right to work, claiming that every man in the land has an equal right to

buy the same machines and thus compete. This, of course, is so only in theory, since Capitalism aims to control not only practically all a nation's production but also the distributing and marketing systems. For a small business man to try to compete with the large combines is like trying to kick down a skyscraper with bare feet. Thus the little man, while not a part of the combines running the nation's business, must inevitably bow to their wishes and demands or else slowly wither away as pressure from above becomes more and more relentless.

Before the rise of unions, Labor was forced to humbly beg what few crumbs it received from the Capitalist banquet. Labor had no guaranteed rights, its very existence being subject to the whims of Big Business. If added burdens were imposed upon Labor, Labor was expected to be thankful that it had the right to work at all and was considered extremely ungrateful should it dare grumble at the pittance it received. True, the laboring classes did not starve, particularly before the widespread use of machinery, for the best interests of Big Business demanded that a certain percentage of the workers be paid enough to permit them to maintain themselves as valuable work animals. But beyond the stage of maintaining itself properly as a valuable producer for the employers, Labor had few rights.

The development of unions has done much to change all this, even though Big Business has resisted Labor's progress at every step and will continue to do so, so long as the monopolistic form of Capitalism exists. Using its amassed wealth and power, Capitalism has forced Labor to fight doggedly for every injustice wiped out, the fighting often having to go as far as violence before just demands were met. Although Capitalism persists in claiming that Labor has killed democracy with its collective bargaining—the assumption being that collective bargaining denies the right of the individual to make his own contracts—the fact remains that monopolistic Capitalism is extremely undemocratic. Democracy is nothing more than a form of organization of the people, by the people, for the people. It is intended to guarantee through orderly processes the greatest common good. But when the control of any part of a nation's life is held by a very few to the detriment of the common good, then true democracy exists in name only. Complete and true democracy is impossible under a monopolistic form of Capitalism, since the common good of the people is subordinated to the forcibly held privileges of a few.



THE VENABLES

By Kathleen Norris

KATHLEEN NORRIS likes to write about large families. She is at home with their quarrels and simple pleasures, their faults and their virtues. With sympathy and understanding she interprets the weary, harassed mother, the plodding father, the patronizing relatives and the happy-go-lucky growing children. She delights in burying her families in want and difficulty and then patiently but certainly pulling them up into the sunlight of prosperity and moderate middle class happiness.

There are six children in *The Venables* family. For more than twenty years life for Willie Venables was just a series of new babies, four of whom had died. While they were all still very small—Lily the oldest was not quite sixteen—the gentle, loving husband and father, Paul Venables was taken from them. Willie faced the future with a few hundred dollars and the helplessness of a sheltered, incompetent woman. The group of indolent and dependent relatives that had gathered about her, did not lessen her problems.

But the girls were bright, brave and helpful. Lily was dependable, and Flo, the second daughter, and the real heroine of the story, was always resourceful, bubbling with life and vitality, enthusiastic over each new home they found, even though the home became ever more humble and simple. It was Flo's smile, Flo's job, Flo's clear-sightedness that

swept aside the clouds of lethargy and discouragement that for so long threatened to envelop the six little Venables and their Mother.

The beauty of Lily, the oldest, brings her opportunities and travel and wealth. Her unhappy marriage endures only because she belongs to a generation that believed in the sacredness of the marriage vow. But Flo meets life unflinchingly and finds her reward in a quiet tender romance.

Many characters, most of them rather sketchily outlined, but all interesting and very human, pass through the home of the Venables. This is a typical Norris story, full of smiles and tears but with the best standards of life strongly maintained.

TRELAWNY

By Margaret Armstrong

TRELAWNY is a difficult book for the reviewer. The first half of this historical novel is written in most beautiful prose, but the second half of the book drags and loses its dramatic intensity to the discouraging point.

But *Trelawny* is well worth any person's time. Its pages are filled with the strength and virility of a character no heart can resist. The Trelawny family were always a colorful lot, filled with enthusiasm and vitality, prone to extremes, and often eccentric. But Edward Trelawny, the subject of this fine biography by Margaret Armstrong, appears to have all the brilliant energy

and deep coloring of the family, without their bad points. That he is prone to act first and think afterwards and inclined to go to extremes when greatly excited is not so much a Trelawny failing, but the weakness of all who are strongly emotional.

While still a young man, Edward Trelawny deserted the English navy (shortly after Nelson's victory at Trafalgar), took ship on the Indian Ocean under a somewhat dubious flag, captured a pirate town in Madagascar, rescued and married the daughter of an Arab sheik, lost her and returned to England. Here the second part of the book begins, in which Trelawny becomes a part of Shelley and Byron's Pisa circle.

To those who love beautiful words and sentences, and the richness of Eastern imagery, mingled later with the brilliance of English poetic characters, *Trelawny* will be a rare reading treat.

Margaret Armstrong has the smooth pen of an accomplished writer, and in *Trelawny* is a subject well suited to her ability. Her character portrayal is clearly delineated, strikingly colored and powerful. Do not fail to read this book.

BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS

By Winston S. Churchill

WHY DOES a great and mighty empire such as England find herself in her present plight? Why was she unable to back her promises with military aid and force to the

smaller nations, now conquered and subjected? Here in more than fifty speeches we follow the strange apathy of England, despite the frequent and forceful warnings of Mr. Churchill, her strange and cowardly conduct at times, the entrance into the war, and the bitter story of the first year, when she lost her ally France and could only offer to fallen rulers a refuge from the homelands she was unable to save for them.

The speeches have been gathered and edited by the son of the Prime Minister, Mr. Randolph S. Churchill, and are presented unchanged and almost uncut, so they present a running commentary and careful picture of events as they appeared before English statesmen since 1938. Colored as they must necessarily be by the viewpoint of a man who has been known for his fiery criticisms, his undaunted courage and relentless fight for all things British, the speeches are rhetorical and oratorical masterpieces that drive home their points with the certainty of a shrewd, political swordsmanship. Their publication at this time, the clever and engaging title of the book, with the author's name in the headlines and his powerful voice coming over the air waves, all account for the tremendous popularity the work is enjoying, the large sale it is having. Whether you agree or disagree with Mr. Churchill (and if you are Irish you will certainly not like some of his remarks about Eire) you will enjoy his handling of the English language, the masterly use of words. But before you begin to read *Blood, Sweat and Tears* fortify yourself against a mighty broadside of English propaganda.

GOLDEN PEACOCK

By Gertrude Atherton

ABOUT five years ago Gertrude Atherton wrote *Golden Peacock*. It is one of a long series of historical novels by the same author. The story is of Pomponia, a golden-haired, impulsive and intelligent Roman girl who lived in the reign of Emperor Augustus.

In Gertrude Atherton's work will be found neither a deep sense of proper values, nor an outstanding ability to write, but in this story she

portrays a delightful character against a background of Rome during one of her most interesting periods. Here may be found enlightening close-ups of Horace, Virgil, Ovid, Livia, Maecenas, and Julia, the wife of Augustus.

The research for the *Golden Peacock* is extensive, but the writer has succeeded in using her factual knowledge without cluttering up her book to the dissatisfaction of the average reader. The plot is excellent and fast-moving, leading to a highly dramatic climax. Pomponia, Horace, Maecenas and Mallius, the latter the lover of Pomponia, are involved in an effort to uncover a conspiracy against Augustus, who is busy crushing one of Rome's numerous foes. Pomponia goes into the villa of Julia to act as an honorable spy. There Julia, the head of the conspiracy, attempts to buy Egyptian support for her revolution, by giving the beautiful Pomponia into the hands of an Egyptian prince.

To those who like to go back to the older books, and are interested in an entertaining fast-moving historical story, *Golden Peacock* will promise a pleasant evening.

THE GOLDEN LEGEND

By Jacobus de Voragine, translated by Granger Ryan and Helmut Ripperger.

IT IS always interesting to delve into the past and see what men of another day thought, how they lived, believed and wrote. Jacobus de Voragine, was a Dominican monk who became Archbishop of Genoa and was noted for his knowledge, his sermons and his spiritual influence. We know him today because of his lives of the saints, entitled in this new English translation as *The Golden Legend*. The stories of the saints are clothed in the strangeness and mystery of the medievalist; they are pictured rather as the people liked to think they were. They are idealized and presented as models of holy perfection. Today we like our stories of the saints bereft of sentiment; we like to think that they are removed from us only because they were able to overcome their evil tendencies, were able to meet the battle despite the forces they met.

But this book has a value for its insight into the Middle Ages and for the factual lights it throws upon those saints whose feasts fall between the beginning of Advent and June the 30th. A second volume is to be published later that will deal with the early saints whose feasts are included in the remaining months of the year.

OUR LADY'S ROSARY

By Fathers Callan and McHugh, O.P.

MANY Catholic families gather during the month of October to recite the Holy Rosary at eventide. It was an ancient practice that brought great blessing to Christian homes. Surely in these perilous days it has great need to be revived. Pius XI when speaking to young married couples and giving them his blessing has been known to present them with a Rosary and to urge them to recite it daily in their home.

Our Lady's Rosary is a little book that will add much to the devotional recitation of this most fruitful prayer. The introduction takes up the history, the advantages, and each of the particular prayers of the Rosary. The main part of the book is given to the fifteen decades. For each Mystery there is a Scriptural reading, the "scene of the mystery" and thoughts for meditation. Prayers for a Rosary Novena, a Rosary Triduum, the Mass of the Rosary and October Devotions are also included. Pictures illustrating the various mysteries are taken from the paintings of Fra Angelico. It is complete and practical, a real help to those who love the Rosary, or would learn to love it.

The Book Shelf of the Month

The Venables by Kathleen Norris, published by Doubleday-Doran. Price \$2.50

Trelawny by Margaret Armstrong, published by Macmillan. Price \$3.00

Blood, Sweat and Tears by Winston Churchill, published by Putnam. Price \$3.00

The Golden Peacock by Gertrude Atherton, published by Houghton Mifflin

The Golden Legend by Jacobus de Voragine, published by Longmans, Green. Price \$3.00

Our Lady's Rosary by Fathers Callan and McHugh, O.P., published by Kenedy & Sons. Price \$1.00

GIVE *and* TAKE



Open Forum

This Month

Julia W. Wolfe

L. E. Eubanks

Overhelpful Mothers

IN REPLY to an inquiry about her studies, a young high-school girl said: "I have had too much help in my French; so I have not got along well. You see, Mother speaks and writes French, and she likes to keep up with it, and I hated to take that pleasure away from her. But when I begin next year I am going to do it all by myself."

The love of independence and the joy of self-help are inborn in every normal person; they appear in the two-year old who insistently refuses to be helped as well as in the young persons who want to "shift for themselves." What healthy girl or boy fails to find zest in doing work all alone, in beginning a task and hanging on until the end, even though the way leads through hard places? Tasks are like games; they are no fun if they are too easy.

Today there are no spinning wheels for girls, no woodpiles for boys and as household tasks have

lessened, the high school curriculum has changed. The work there has grown harder; young people are expected to know more. Some parents have met the condition sensibly. Many welcome the serious study put upon their children; but some—and their anxiety is understood and forgiven—have often tried to help by doing part of the new work themselves. Many a mother confesses to doing parts of the assignments in domestic arts and many fathers do the lessons in mathematics that are puzzling their children.

A young girl was heard to say: "I have a pile of essays that have good marks on them; but when I graduate I am going to lay them away, tied with ribbons, and label them "Mother's Essays," for she gave me the ideas for most of them, and helped me write all of them." That mother wanted her daughter to succeed, but she forgot that it was not a case of making an essay but an essayist.

And everyone knows the misguided overhelpful mother who dresses her daughter beyond the family income. One mother, we know, works in a department store that her daughter may dress "in style." The daughter has an excellent voice, but she will never be a singer because the mother has taken away her power to do—the ability to hold fast unto the end.

A young man came home from school one night and threw his books on a chair. "I am sick and tired of school," he said. His mother had some ideas of the Spartans. "Son, I am sick and tired of housework," was her ready reply, "but it's my work. Going to school is yours. Go ahead and do it." And the boy who was only a few months ago "sick and tired of school" has done so well since that night that he is now president of his class and expects to graduate with high honors.

To many young people life is becoming hard because it has been too easy. Watch any girl or boy; see how a hard task brightens the eye and brings to the face a glow of interest. Strong, healthy bodies need burdens to carry—not over heavy—but good hard Latin verbs, algebraic equations, compositions that make them think, and the hundred and one tasks that are just hard enough for young backs to hold without strain, but with wholesome exercise. When the parents come along and lift all these "burdens," they subject the child to the danger of flabby muscles, lowered vitality, loss of thinking power and unfulfilled possibilities.

The danger of overwork has been over emphasized in the past decade or two; in fact, the phrase is in current and continuous use. Is it not time to think of underwork and its attendant evils? (*Julia W. Wolfe.*)

The Father of Daughters

THE ACCUSATION sometimes made, that fathers are never as attentive to the children as mothers, is unjust. Many men are both conscientious and competent in this regard. In justice to their wives, for their own sake, and especially for the children's benefit, they try to do their part.

But we want many more such men, just as many good fathers as good mothers. A husband has no more right to excuse himself from parental duties by saying that he makes the living than the wife has to plead that she does the housework and therefore should be relieved from such duties. They are jointly responsible for their children's moral, educational and physical welfare.

Of necessity, most men are away from home the greater part of their waking hours. They cannot be with the children as much as the mother is, but this is not quite the handicap it might seem to be; the father who is at home but a short time always will receive concentrated attention from the children, if he does his part.

Every husband worthy the name spends some time at home; how much will surprise the typical busy man who is fond of saying that he is never at home except to eat and sleep. When busy people acquire the equivalent of a college education by snatching bits of leisure for study, let no father who has even one or two evenings a week at his fireside say that he has no time for his children.

As one writer has aptly put it, "Parenthood confers the stewardship of souls"; and no parent, woman or man, must dare to treat lightly this gravest of responsibilities. Quoting the same author again: "The mere procreation of children could not possibly be the end of matrimony; for this could be done without the bond, without the unity, without the perpetuity, without the love. Manifestly, then, the chief reason for the institution of matrimony is the welfare of the offspring, not merely the existence of the offspring, but its growth and de-

velopment, the promotion of all its interests."

The fathers I wish particularly to speak of in this paper are the men who admit the truth of what I have said but construe their duty to end with general attention to the family as a whole and specific care of their boys. Inquiry shows an incredible number of fathers of daughters who scarcely know their girls. Their astonishment is great when they are told that they can contribute some things to the girls' development which mothers, however willing, cannot give.

The father too often imagines that there is a barrier between him and his daughter, and this attitude usually creates the barrier. A girl that has been properly fathered knows but little difference in her parents, so far as love, trust and confidence are concerned. A father will never be on exactly the same terms with his girl as the mother is. Neither should he, to serve the child's best interests. Each parent has an individuality, and the desideratum is that the offspring represent the best of each. This is the aim in stockbreeding and, as Herbert Spencer would say, the breeding of superior human beings is quite as important as the perfection of porkers.

Most fathers exaggerate the difficulty of talking "forbidden" subjects to their daughters. They underestimate the girl's comprehension, always figuring her younger than she is, and rely too much on chance instruction. To the pure mind all things are pure, and any man can discuss the truths of life without suggestiveness if he will try. Remember, your girl believes in you; she has a right to expect all the guidance you can give her. Do one of two things: Talk to her yourself in a frank, clean way, or tell your wife (still in a frank, clean way) what to tell the child.

Right here is one of the greatest mistakes fathers make, in the assumption that their wives without aid from them always can and will tell the girls what they should know. The fact is that a wife, unless she has had exceptional opportunities to acquire necessary information, cannot do this satisfactorily. The

average home-protected woman of forty cannot—unaided—tell her daughter all the girl should know about today's pitfalls. It has been too long since she herself was a girl, and things are different now.

But the man of forty-five who rubs elbows with the world every day knows things as they are, and best of all, knows men as they are. Not that he suspects all men; but he has learned to be on his guard. He is not falsely assured—as his wife too often is—that tender age is a guaranty of his girl's safety. While watchful, this man of wisdom is careful not to let fear become an obsession. Not all men are villains, and it would be harmful to himself and his family to encourage hypersuspicion. Even good things may be overdone; it is part of fathers' equipment to know this.

I would not say that a father's part in the upbringing of a daughter is as important as that of a mother to a son, but I do claim that it is just as logical that a female requires male associations properly to develop as that a male needs the influence of the opposite sex. As the boy needs the softening, refining influence of his mother and sisters, so the girl needs the strength, balance, solidity which come from the company and counsel of a good dad.

One need not be a physician nor a social worker to know that many girls and young women are lamentably ignorant of men; any observant person can see it, and daily events the world over prove it. A girl who has a pal in her father will learn many things directly and indirectly—and in a pure, clean way—that may be of vast value to her. She will see many people whom she might not meet except through dad; she will go to places of which she might remain ignorant if her companions were exclusively women.

And remember, knowledge is the best guardian of virtue. The girl who has a good father and knows him intimately has, in her knowledge of him, something of a standard of measurement. Surely she must more nearly know the desirable qualities of a man, a husband possibly, than

the girl who is sedulously secluded from the company of men and taught to depend on mother only for wisdom and discrimination.

"Dad's girl" is never a prude. She is likely to be frank, clean and wholesome. Through this one man on whom she can rely, she learns that in the gymnasium, on the beach, at the tennis courts, etc., most men will take a girl at her own appraisal. She does not fear them as strange, dangerous animals; and her honest, democratic attitude creates respect as ultra-refinement and pseudo-innocence never do.

And the physical phase of the matter is not to be overlooked. Today, when the value of a recreative hobby is universally recognized, most men have some pet sport that benefits their health. Perhaps you count on your son's joining in this as soon as he is big enough. Why not the girl too? Why deprive her of the joys and benefits of outdoor sports just because she wears skirts? Take her fishing; take her to the links and develop in her the patience and endurance to follow a golf ball; to the traps and teach her to break the clay pigeons. Trapshooting is a wonderful sport for women; they invariably like it, and it affords unusual opportunity for the sexes to meet and compete on equal terms.

I've never advocated extremes in physical training for girls—nor for boys; but there is much more danger of underdoing in this than of overdoing. I know a girl who owes a great deal, possibly her life, to the knowledge of boxing imparted to her by a sport-loving father. A thug who expected to handle her as the average woman may be handled by a man, was neatly laid on his back by a jolt on the jaw. The girl's mother who had been so fearful that Helen was being "coarsened" never since that time objects to her boxing with dad.

In fact, a man who has not tried will be surprised at the possibilities in being a real father to his girls. One thing he can certainly count on, he'll find the girls more than willing to meet him half way.

(L. E. Eubanks)

A Bride Reflects

Amedea Hauff, M.A.

I THOUGHT THAT after I was married, there would be so very few opportunities to advance in the spiritual life. There would be no temptations, no self-sacrifice, and little need of self-control. Oh, yes, my husband would have "moods" but then, wherever one lived with people, these people had "moods," so that would be little change, and there would be one person instead of several.

I have had a year of an unusually happy marriage, a very even tempered husband, no great financial worries, and better than the run of neighbors, and yet—this year has been one long lesson in self-control. How?

My neighbors are all very friendly, but I hear little things about each, from each of the others, that if repeated, would cause lots of trouble. I am not tempted to say anything, until one lady, X, tells me that Z said my stove isn't exactly immaculate. Then I am tempted to tell X plenty of things that Z has also said about her.

One of the topics of conversation in the hallways is—"What are we all having for supper?" One lady's son delivers for a meat market, and I am told that that market has the only good meat around here, and that where I buy my meat, the meat is tough as a horse. It so happens that I have known the married man who runs my meat market for over ten years, and I like his meat and wish to help him. I care nothing about the crabby man who practically throws the meat at me in the other meat market. Yet, when I come home with my meat, this neighbor greets me with "you still buy from Tom's! I can't see how you stand it!" If I say I'm having lamb chops, I am told that this isn't economical and that I ought to have liver. My husband and I both hate liver, but of course—older people know better than young brides!

One thing for which I make allowances is the everlasting recital of recipes. Someone else's recipe is always the best one. However, after a year, I even find myself (for shame) thinking that my way of making pudding is superior to anyone else's.

So I find opportunity for self-control in not gossiping. I don't mean not passing on news. One can talk all day and just pass on news, without saying what so-and-so said about so-and-so that was meant to be private.

There is little time in marriage to sit down and become elevated to a higher plane. The things that one has to do are numerous, never very difficult but constant. The radio is the easiest form of entertainment. The stories become disgusting in their similarity but throughout a long day, from 7 in the morning to 6 in the evening, the radio does fill empty hours.

We live and learn—we brides—but though there are opportunities for self-control and spiritual life in any state, still it's a grand old world to live in, isn't it?

The Miraculous Image of Our Lady of Good Counsel

Eugene Spiess, O.S.B.

THE INFORMATION relative to the miraculous appearance of the image of Our Lady of Good Counsel in the town of Genazzano in Italy, the writer has taken from records dating from the reign of Pope Paul II (1464-71). When a young Benedictine student in Rome, the writer had the singular privilege of seeing and studying this miraculous image of Our Lady. The name of the artist who painted this image is not known to history. However, there was no difficulty in figuring out what the artist desired to depict on a thin scale of wall-plaster, slightly thicker than the thickness of a visiting card.

What the unknown artist desired to depict is the scene that took place in the temple of Jerusalem immediately after the aged Simeon took the child Jesus in his arms saying: "Now thou dost dismiss thy servant, O Lord, according to thy word in peace. Because my eyes have seen thy salvation." Turning to Mary the young Mother of Jesus, Simeon addressed her thus: "Behold this child is set for the fall, and for the resurrection of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be contradicted; and thy own soul a sword shall pierce."

Weeping, as is quite evident, and shown in the image, the Mother of Jesus left the temple. She now had the prophecy of Simeon. Standing beneath the cross on Calvary, she wept bitterly. Now, as the artist desired to show, she likewise

wept over her babe and her own future—"and thy own soul a sword shall pierce." The infant Jesus is represented raising his tiny hands to console his Virgin Mother.

From my own personal experiences, it would appear that it is impossible to approach our Lady of Good Counsel without sufferings and trials. When we venerate the Mother of God as Our Lady of Good Counsel, we must show to this weeping Virgin Mother of Christ, that we are ready to make sacrifices, ready to weep with her.

Leaving Subiaco on a Sunday afternoon, dressed in my Benedictine habit and scapular, I was determined to walk in the night, because of the great heat in Italy during the day. Before sun-set I came to a mountain town called Gemelle. Here I had my first terrible fright. Carabinieri, police on horses, were striking with swords at an infuriated mob who were rioting. Casting all mathematical notions, relative to the hypotenuse and the other two sides to the winds, I thanked God that there were two other sides in a right triangle. I took the other two sides and thus made my way past the riot and the infuriated mob.

All went well after this scene at Gemelle. Quietly and peaceably I made my way over very good and ancient Roman mountain roads until, about the midnight hour, I received my second shock. I heard voices shouting at a distance. It was quite ap-

parent to me that they were the voices of merchants, who were cursing and who beat their burros, small donkeys, that were laden with merchandise, on their way to the town of Palestrina and other mountain towns. I had information from Carabinieri that these mountain roads were infested with bandits, so I took no risk but gently slid down an embankment alongside of the road and waited until the crowd had passed. As they passed they shouted and I can assure the reader that they were not saying their prayers.

At about four in the morning I was able to see, by the feeble light of the oncoming aurora, the ancient town of Genazzano. Situated on a cone shaped hill I immediately saw it still had a wall around it. Will some one open the gate for me to enter this ancient town? Yes, a guard heard me approach and opened the gate, possibly in answer to a song that I loved to sing, "Sono un straniero di America," "I am a stranger from America."

Following the directions given to me by the guard I made my way through crooked and sloping streets up to the Convent of the Augustinian Fathers who were in possession of the Sacred Shrine. A pack of vicious looking hounds now attacked me. Slowly, in order not to excite the beasts, I moved forward taking steps that were no longer than about six inches at a time. That I did not collapse from fright before the last brute stayed behind and allowed me to proceed, is a wonder if not a miracle.

I now soon reached the Augustinian convent. An amusing incident took place here. My arousing a tired Augustinian Brother from his necessary rest at an unearthly hour caused the Brother to call to me from his window on the second floor. Presumably, the song "Un straniero di America" or something similar to it, satisfied the Brother. He came to meet me, opening the large entrance of the convent. The Brother explained to me that the miraculous image would not be shown to me before six A.M.

Promptly to the hour, a kind Augustinian Father expressed his willingness to show the image to me asking me to carry the censor and incense, since the curtain is never drawn away from the image unless a priest incense the image. All my desires, that a ladder be given to me, that I be permitted to pass my hand in back and around the image, vanished. It was an awe-inspiring scene. Not only the image but Papal bulls on large parchments attesting to the miraculous nature of the image, met my glance. There is no room here for a skeptic. I was no skeptic, but I was young, and I desired

this distinction of having passed my hand about the image and of having touched it.

The records that date from the days of Pope Paul II narrate, that on a Saturday, when crowds had assembled about Genazzano's market place, mysterious music was heard in the sky. It was seen that invisible hands were carrying something through the air. Many in the market place abandoned their Saturday morning business in the market place and followed the mysterious something that was being carried through the air. As it came nearer to earth it was seen to be an image that settled down on an unfinished wall of the chapel that was being built in honor of St. Lawrence by a pious lady of Genazzano. This chapel was attached to the large church of the Augustinians.

It soon became evident that the image was not resting on the wall, but that a mysterious hand was holding it a short distance *above* the unfinished wall. No doubt, fear and awe kept men from touching the venerated icon, so, according to tradition some of the men-folks must have thrown strings and thread over it to see what would happen. It was seen that the image was held by invisible hands or heavenly forces. At once devotion to our Lady in "Santa Maria" sprang up; pilgrim bands began to move to Genazzano while miracles in ever increasing numbers, of which a register was opened two days after the event, were being wrought.

In July following the event, Pope Paul deputed two Bishops to investigate the matter. The cult of our Lady increased. In 1630 Pope Urban VIII himself went to Genazzano on a pilgrimage; so did Pope Pius IX in 1864.

Some time after the miraculous appearance of this picture, two young men from Albania recognized the image as the one that disappeared from a church in Albania at the time when the Turks fell upon the town in Albania in which this picture happened to be venerated for ages past. Pope Innocent XI had the picture crowned with gold from the Vatican. On July 2, 1753, Pope Benedict XIV approved of the Pious Union of our Lady of Good Counsel for the faithful at large, and had himself enrolled therein as one of its pioneer members. Pope Pius IX and Pope Leo XIII were members of this Pious Union. Pope Leo XIII inserted in the Litany of the Blessed Virgin the words "Mater Boni Consilii," "Mother of Good Counsel," and set the feast of our Lady of Good Counsel, not on the day when the image arrived at Genazzano but the day after, so as not to interfere with the Feast of St. Mark, the day when the image appeared.



ST. BENEDICT

BENEDICT—the Blessed One—blessed in grace and name, was a man of godly life. Even in childhood he manifested the seasoned ways of an old man, passing his youth without ever indulging in its pleasures. While still in the world, though its temporal joys were his for the asking, he regarded it with all its pomps as a barren desert.

Descended from a distinguished family of the province of Nursia, Benedict was sent to Rome for a liberal education. Here he saw so many fellow students following the dangerous paths of vice that he withdrew the foot that he had placed, as it were, on the threshold of the world, lest he, too, after acquiring its knowledge, might after a while go headlong over the precipice. Intent on pleasing God alone he withdrew, therefore, unschooled in science but wise in his ignorance. He abandoned his studies, his home, and his inheritance, and asked for the religious habit.

I have not learned of all his deeds, but I regard as authentic the few which I am narrating, repeating them as they have been related by four of his disciples, namely, Constantine, who succeeded him in the government of the monastery; Valentinian, who for many years was superior of the Lateran monastery; Simplicius, who succeeded third in the government of the monks; and Honoratus, who is the present superior in the very monastery (Subiaco) over which Benedict himself formerly presided.

The Life and Miracles of St. Benedict

as narrated by St. Gregory the Great in the
Second Book of Dialogues freely translated by

Jerome Palmer, O.S.B.

When Benedict gave up his studies and sought the wilderness, only his nurse accompanied him. The two of them reached Afide and dwelt for a time in the hospice adjoining the church of Blessed Peter. The nurse, wishing to winnow some wheat, borrowed a sieve from a neighbor and left it standing upon the table, whence it was accidentally pushed and broken. The nurse, upon finding the utensil broken, was sorely grieved, but the kind and youthful Benedict noticed her embarrassment, and compassionating her grief took from her the pieces of the broken sieve, and himself in tears had recourse to prayer. When he had finished his prayer, he returned the vessel perfectly repaired, without any sign of damage.

This miracle became known to all in that locality and was held in such great admiration that the inhabitants hung the sieve at the entrance of the church so that all present and future generations might know how great a degree of sanctity Benedict had attained. For many years it hung there before the eyes of all; in fact, it hung over the door of the church until the invasion of the Lombards.

But Benedict, preferring to suffer the hard things of the world rather than enjoy its glory—to be worn out by labors for God rather than exalted by honors in this life, fled from his nurse to a secluded spot named Sublacus, about forty miles from Rome, where he chose for himself a small cave in which

he remained for three years unknown to any save a monk Romanus, who lived close by in a monastery under the rule of Abbot Deodatus. Romanus clothed Benedict in the religious garb and faithfully kept the secret of his hiding place. At an appointed hour on certain days he brought to Benedict what food he was able to retrench from his own allowance.

There really was no path from the cell of Romanus to this cave because a high rock overhung from above; but from this rock Romanus was wont to let down the bread by means of a long rope. A small bell attached to this rope signalled Benedict when the food was lowered. One day the old enemy, envious of the charity of the one and the refreshment of the other, threw a stone and broke the bell while bread was being lowered. This, however, in no way deterred Romanus from continuing to supply the needs of Benedict.

Almighty God now wished to relieve Romanus of this task and to manifest the exemplary life of Benedict that his light, placed upon a candlestick, might shine to enlighten all who were in the house of God. He accordingly deigned to appear in a vision to a distant priest who was preparing his Easter meal.

"You are preparing for yourself a delicious meal," said the Lord, "while my servant is suffering from hunger."

Immediately the priest arose and taking the food prepared for himself sought the servant of God over the rough, dangerous ways of the mountains, valleys, and cliffs, and found Benedict in a hidden cave. After praying and blessing the omnipotent Lord, they sat down together and discoursed on the highest things of life.

"Arise," said the priest, "let us eat the food because today is Easter."

The man of God answered him saying, "It is indeed Easter, since I am permitted to see you."

Living in seclusion Benedict did not know that the Paschal feast actually occurred on that day. But the venerable priest assured him saying, "Today is really Easter, the day of the Resurrection of the Lord. It is not at all appropriate for you to abstain, for I have been sent that we might eat together the gifts of the omnipotent Lord."

Whereupon blessing the Lord they ate the food. When they had finished their repast and conversation, the priest returned to his church.

About this time some shepherds also found Benedict hiding in his cave. Seeing him in the dense verdure clothed in skins of animals, they thought it was some sort of beast, but upon becoming acquainted with the servant of God, many of them converted from their unchristian ways. In this way his name became known to all in the neighborhood; and soon he was visited by many who, hearing his words, carried away in their hearts spiritual nourishment in exchange for the corporal food they brought him.

One day when Benedict was alone, the tempter was near at hand. A little black bird, commonly known as a merl, began to flit around his head, and to fly into his face, so that the holy man could have caught it with his hand if he had wished to do so. When he made the sign of the cross, the bird indeed flew away, but there followed a very strong temptation of the flesh, such as the holy man had never before experienced. The evil spirit recalled to his memory a certain woman whom he had seen at one time, and enkindled in the Servant of God such a heat of passion that it seemed the very flame would burst forth in his breast.

Overpowered he almost decided to leave the desert, when suddenly touched by grace, he caught hold of himself. Seeing a dense thicket of briar bushes growing nearby, he took off his habit and threw himself into the thorns and nettles, rolled himself on them for some time, and then came forth wounded in his whole body, but turning pleasure into pain; by the bodily wounds he cured the spiritual wound.

From that time on, as he afterwards confided to his disciples, the temptation of lust was so subdued in him that he never again experienced such an emotion.

Very soon after this many began to leave the world and to place themselves under his direction. Truly free from the evil of temptation, he now rightfully became a master of virtues...

When the temptation had ceased, the man of God, like well-tilled soil free from thorns, yielded abundant fruit from the seed of his virtues. His name became renowned through the report of his extraordinary conversion.

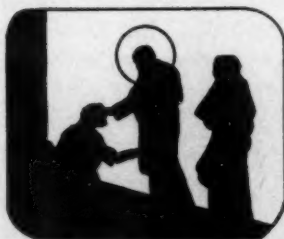
Not far away there was a monastery. As the Abbot of this community had died, all the members of this congregation came to the venerable Benedict, and with lengthy entreaties begged him to take charge of them. He put them off for a long time by refusing and telling them that they could not conform themselves to his customs, nor he to theirs; but finally won over by their pleadings, he consented. While in this monastery, he enforced the regular life and allowed no one to turn aside from the path of conversion either to the right or to the left by unlawful deeds, as formerly. When the brethren became aware of this, they began fiercely to accuse themselves of having made a mistake in urging him to take charge of them. The crookedness of their ways was plainly condemned by his standard of righteousness. When they learned that under him their wicked ways would not be tolerated, some of them refusing to give up their evil life tried to bring about his death. After taking counsel they mixed poison with his wine.

When, according to the custom of the monastery, the glass tumbler containing the poisonous drink had been offered to the Abbot at table that he might bless it, Benedict with extended hand made the sign of the cross. The goblet, which was held at a distance, broke under the sign; and it was broken in such a way as though he had used a stone on the deadly vessel instead of the cross. Since it could not withstand the sign of life, the man of God at once understood that it had held a death potion. He arose immediately and with a serene countenance addressed the assembled brethren with calmness of mind saying: "May the Omnipotent God be merciful to you, my brethren. Why did you desire to do these things to me? Did I not tell you beforehand that your customs and mine would not harmonize in the least? Go and seek for yourselves an Abbot suited to your morals because you cannot have me any longer." He then returned to the place of his beloved solitude and dwelt alone with himself in the presence of One Who looks down from on high.

(To be continued)

GOSPEL MOVIES

BY P.K.



"He saw all things plainly."

—St. Mark 8:25.

Monacles

THE CREATOR made us each with two eyes. Was it that we might look at ourself with one, and at our neighbor with the other? Some men have only one "I," and to magnify it they wear a monacle of self-praise, fastened by a finely woven cord of self-conceit. Naturally their view of things is one-sided. Their monacled view, so they claim, is the only correct one, their self-deluded opinion, the only true one. They cannot see "eye to eye" with their neighbor. This is often the case with husband and wife, and other members of the family, and the fruitful cause of little misunderstandings that often grow to major rifts in the family circle. Let much "one-eyed"

victims take a cue from the healing of the blind man of Bethsaida.

Trees are capital "I's." They are immovable and without the power of reason. God made them that way. But he made man to "walk about" and to use his reason. He should go to his neighbor, put his feet under the same table with him, and get his viewpoint and opinion. Call this arbitration if you will, it is plain common sense and the end of all disagreements. It takes two to begin a fight. When little Johnny was told to give in to his little sister's demands, because the wiser always gives in, he replied: But, Mother, must I always be the wiser one? Why not?



He Locates Wells

Paul Wilhelm

"There's a big stream here," he will say, "sixty feet deep." The forked stick or wire in his hand has already begun to twist. He turns and retraces his steps. The force is so strong that the outer layer of bark in his tightly clenched hand will remain unmoved, as the branch suddenly points down.

"Dig here," he will command, making a mark with a shoe.

Many have not followed instructions, digging ten, a hundred, two hundred feet in other directions. Most have had to come back to the shoe mark. In Moreno, Riverside County, a farmer dug a well two hundred feet deep only twenty feet from Roy's shoe mark. He never did reach water. When he dug where Roy had designated, he struck water at ninety feet where today flows the stream Roy predicted—125 inches!

In Hemet Valley alone Roy has "located" over two hundred successful wells. In San Diego, Imperial, and San Bernardino Counties he has found nearer the three hundred mark. He asks nothing in remuneration. But he will accept a pig, a cow, some bales of hay, sacks of grain with a sly remark, "Well, you know, there is always a place for everything."

His greatest successes have been on the La Sierra Alfalfa Company's ranches in Hemet Valley. There, he not only tells the number of feet to water, but repeatedly prophesies accurately the number of inches that the well will flow!

"Water witching is an ancient profession," Roy will explain as he surveys a piece of land with his gray-blue eyes. "Archives reveal that 'witchers' were locating water in Old England country sides as early as 1400. They went into a lot of pother about technic. But I say, you either have the knack or you haven't."

After observing Roy at work, I am positive that he definitely has.

ROY CRAWFORD, Hemet Valley farmer, teacher of the verities of growing things, veterinarian, philosopher of the soil, is, in a higher sense, "a man without a county." As a "Water witch" Roy Crawford belongs to the entire Southwest, the "land of the sun and the land of little rain." Wherever a well is to be dug, wherever a homestead is staked out, there is Roy Crawford's county and there are the people that need him.

For Roy has discovered that he possesses a power given to few men. He can contact water. Within his being rests an element which attracts the chemical qualities of water. With a willow or mesquite branch, a piece of pipe or bailing wire, he can "locate" underground streams.

Walk with him across a field,—sand dune,—or hill; they are all the same to him. What lies on top matters little. What is underneath, he will tell you. With his forked branch or wire he strides with all his six foot height like a seer of the underground gods evoking watery powers.

Letter from A SEMINARIAN

St. Meinrad College
Dear Uncle Ned and Aunt Rose,

In my last monthly ink spots to you I told you all about the Abbey, Seminary, and College. There was one place that I deliberately did not mention, simply because I wanted to devote a whole letter to this hallowed spot.

If you were motoring through the little town of St. Meinrad on the 13th of January about eight o'clock in the morning you might see the students and seminarians filing down the Abbey hill on their way to Monte Cassino, or, if you would arrive a trifle later, you might be held up for a quarter of an hour while the procession passed.

Atop Monte Cassino is a humble stone chapel dedicated to the Mother of God. There are more pretentious shrines in Europe. At Monte Cassino there are no lofty spires, no melodious chimes, but there peace and prayer come so easily.—But back to the 13th of January....

Smallpox in 1871 was a deadly disease. Early in December of that year yellow-plague flags were flying from not a few houses in the little town below the Abbey hill. The students of the seminary were not touched as late as January, 1872, but the danger was only too evident. And here's where the pilgrimage, the 13th, and Monte Cassino fit together.

The student body made a vow that if they were spared they and the future students would make an annual pilgrimage to Our Lady of Monte Cassino. The plague abated. Not one case of smallpox appeared among the students.

It may be biting cold on the

13th of January, but not one student would think of being left behind. During the year, too, on St. Mark's Day and on the Rogation Days, the parishes of St. Meinrad, Fulda, and Mariah Hill join in with the Abbey in making processions to the Mother of God at Monte Cassino.

To our dear Lady's shrine come on every Sunday of October and May devout pilgrims from the neighboring and more distant towns, asking for favors and thanking for blessings received. Last Sunday I made this pilgrimage and I can, therefore, speak of what I have seen. Two songs are sung, a short sermon is preached by one of the Fathers of the Abbey, and the Rosary and

Litany are prayed, as in procession march little boys and girls, young ladies and young men, the Celebrant, and the men and women. I can say this—the thousand or more pilgrims who make the pilgrimage each Sunday have caught some of the love for Our Lady of Monte Cassino which we students have as a body and as individuals.

The present chapel was dedicated in the spring of 1870 and is erected out of the virgin stone taken from the then discovered quarry at Monte Cassino. Years before, in 1857, the students had carried a lithograph print of the Blessed Virgin to the hill and had fitted the image into a niche hewn out of an oaken trunk.

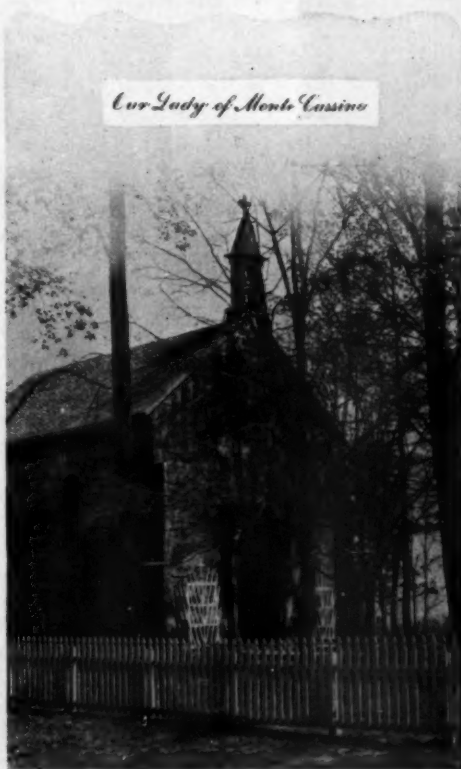
This crude shrine was the beginning of the present stone chapel.

The name, Monte Cassino, comes from the renowned cradle of monasticism in Italy where St. Benedict wrote his Rule, a legacy which he handed down to his children and his children's children to the present day. All this information I have quoted more or less literally from an interesting little historical sketch about Our Lady of Monte Cassino. I wanted to be sure that my imagination was not adding to the actual facts—or, taking away from the truth. If you would like to have a copy of this historical sketch, just let me know and I will send you one immediately.

And you can be sure that on your next visit to St. Meinrad you will get to see all that I have tried to describe.

Hope that will be soon. If you can make room, bring Mom along with you. Thanks a lot.

Your nephew,
Tom



Speaking of Babies

Mrs. W. W. Hauff

NEVER HAS there been so much talk about babies! In the stores and on the walks, the main topic of conversation is 'baby'. The mothers who are dreaming of their own are looking for 'bargains'. The older women (and some of them not so very old either!) tell you of their daughters' or daughters-in-law's hopes.

With all this joy and baby-dream conversation, my anticipation should be right in the trend of things! But is it? NO! My news alone is met with despair, gloom, advice which is claimed should have been followed, and general atmosphere of coming disaster and past mistake. Why?

There are several reasons, and these reasons are probably much the same as many of us are forced to hear the world over. I live in a middle class neighborhood, and somehow, it seems, one must have a certain income before one should consider a baby. In the opinion of my neighbors and so-called friends, my husband and I haven't attained that realm. We haven't a car and we have but two rooms! Babies cost so much! We owe no bills, have a bit saved in the bank, have some can-goods on the shelves and all nice new furniture (from our wedding), but—baby will cost so much! If I followed all the fads for babies (though they are excellent), I might not have enough money, but—would I ever have enough? Wouldn't there always be something we would like to buy, or a little more we would like to put aside for future need?

Then, there is the second argument. We have only been married sixteen months! A couple should not be tied down for about five years! The fact that I am thirty and my husband thirty-three makes no difference.

These two arguments I would hear even though I did not have to listen to this third attack—the fact that I am handicapped. There is practically no danger of heredity and I'll most likely be well able to care for my baby. My friends (handicapped as I) do very nicely.

Of course my non-Catholic acquaintances solve the whole problem easily; we should have been 'careful'. It must not happen again! If I protest, (and there is little use arguing with anyone who is sold on what he or she does), then I am told that "sooner or later I'll see the light and come to think and do as they." I am told again and again that "the rest of the Catholics have no scruples." Some of the Catholics, to whom a finger is pointed, I know for a fact would love to have more babies! We are so quick to find examples to hold up our argument and so little inclined to



believe that many are sincere.

However, I expected opposition and misunderstanding from the non-Catholics and I was prepared to face it, though no one likes it. I was totally unprepared to face the reasoning and comments of the Catholics.

Now, I'm not saying ALL the Catholics have offered criticism. Some have said things like the following; "It will be a blessing," "the baby will be such company for you," "you lead such a quiet life with so few activities that the baby will be so wonderful for you both."

I have learned to treasure such remarks because I have met with so much that has made me unhappy. One 'girl friend' thinks the Church shouldn't have permitted my marriage because I just can't handle a baby! Another 'friend of the

family' thinks I ought to be ashamed of myself bringing all that worry to everybody! Many hope that "at least" I will not hold my silly ideas longer and that this will be the last, that I will see to that. Some women (these are all Catholics) have pointed out that if such and such isn't a sin, why should this be? After all, I am told, there are some things we must decide for ourselves!

I became dizzy after a long car ride and fell from the street car while getting off. More than one has commented on what a blessing it would have

been if my dream of a baby would have ended with that!

All I ask from these Catholics is that they say nothing and let me alone! I do not feel like arguing and I'm worried enough. I ask this for myself and for other mothers to whom they might say the same things with a slight coloring to fit the individual situation. I would like to be calm, happy, dignified and hopeful; not belligerent, on the defensive and all shut in a shell from fear of people! Truly, in such cases, speech may be meant as silver but silence is truly golden.

BURIAL

The Church is careful to pay fitting honour to the dead both with regard to the soul and the body: to the former because it is immortal and can be assisted if necessary, by the prayers of the faithful; to the latter because it became by baptism the living temple of the Holy Ghost, and will be honoured and glorified after its resurrection from the dead. "Know you not that you are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwells within you." (1 Cor. iii.) "I know that... in the Last Day I shall rise out of the earth.... and in my flesh I shall see my God." (Job xix.) Hence incense is burned to honour the body which Christ so exalted by Baptism and other Sacraments, and typify how our prayers ought to ascend for the soul departed: hence candles are lighted to symbolize the resurrection of the same body. Flowers are used liturgically only on the coffins of those who were baptised and died before the use of reason to symbolise their innocence.

Flowers for adult corpses are out of place and not in keeping with the black pall.

The prayers used at burials are intended not only for the benefit of the deceased, but for the consolation and instruction of those present, especially the relatives. They particularly show that the separation is only for a while, and that even during that time there is union of the Souls by the Communion of Saints. "It is better to go to the house of mourning than to a house of feasting: for in that we are put in mind of the end of all, and the living thinketh what is to come." (Eccl. vii, 3.)

If the body be not laid in a consecrated cemetery the grave is blessed if in a non-Catholic graveyard.

If a Catholic dies at sea or other place where there is no priest to assist at the obsequies, his fellow-Catholics should recite the Rosary and the Psalm "De Profundis" before the burial.

WHISTLING TO OUR LADY

A Soldier, writing to his loved mother, cheered her heart by the following:

For some days I had been anxious to go to Confession, but there was no priest near our quarters. I was walking along the road all alone, whistling your favourite hymn, *O Purest of Creatures, Sweet Mother, Sweet Maid*, thinking how the Mother of God has a care of us. She knew my want just then. Rounding a corner, still whistling, I met an officer, saluted, and he answered back:

"You're a Catholic, my boy?"

"Yes, surely," I answered.

"Thought so from the tune you're whistling," continued the officer. "Been to Confession lately? I'm a Catholic priest."

"Well, this is luck! 'Twas you I was whistling for to the Mother of God! I'm ready to confess, Father, and so are some of the other lads back there. Could you come to us?"

"Gladly," answered the priest-officer.

And the hymn whistled to Our Lady proved instrumental in winning many graces for soldier souls that day.

Meditorials

Paschal Boland, O.S.B.

Pride is a one-man parade.

Did you ever notice the difference between a Catholic and one that was not when they are laid out for burial? For one there is the crucifix to remind us not only that Christ died, but also that He opened the gates of Heaven for us. The other may have a cross there, but no Christ is on it. Then there are the blessed candles and holy water, our Mother's rosary entwined in the hand; the other has none of these. The Mass cards and spiritual bouquets to hasten the departed to the joys of Heaven are there for the one; but not for the other. There are flowers for both; and for the one that is not a Catholic that is all that there is, and they have begun to wilt!

Whether your troubles are mountains or mole-hills, they can be levelled by humility.

In the Gospel parables we read of an unjust steward who was praised because he made friends of his lord's debtors when he was about to be dismissed. We have a similar opportunity that we can justly use if we reduce the debts owed to our Lord by the Poor Souls in Purgatory by offering Holy Masses and prayers. Thus we shall be stewards that are praised by God not only for our prudence, but also for our justice and charity.

There are too many that are satisfied to stay in the pick-and-shovel stage of spiritual life. Pioneer days are over and it is time that foundations be dug deeply and spiritual edifices be built to the heavens. Let there be American Saints!

A sinner is a damn fool, and unless he gets over his folly and re-

pents he will be a damned fool.

Many smile when they read in the Scriptures how the Jews worshipped a Golden Calf and think: "What foolish people to worship a god of gold!" Yet they themselves worship a fat bank account.

Some mothers rear their "little rays of sonshine" so that there is never a cloudy day. But in so doing they are preparing for themselves a bad case of son-burn when their "little rays" have grown up into spoiled beasts.

Modesty is the shield of purity. If that is discarded one has thrown away its last defense.

Free will is the key to Heaven and the key to Hell. There is a wrong way to turn it and a right way.

The Church celebrates the feast of a hero of the gridiron, St. Lawrence. Football players could learn much from him on how to make the perfect plays for Heaven and to play a stellar role. And the virtue that he seems to be most known for was his sense of humor!

And then there are those people who come to Sunday Mass and sermon in a lullaby-mood. They ought to have nurse-maids and perambulators, and bibs for their drooling chins.

Some think that "Planned Parenthood" is something ultra-modern, but God planned parenthood before He created our first parents. And to use other plans or means than His is a crime that cries to Him for vengeance.

Some make a mess of their lives by weakness, and then ruin all by pride. Their first fall is one of weakness, and their pride keeps them from admitting and correcting the evil done. Witness Judas, witness those Catholics that married out of the Church and then stayed out of it. Be like St. Peter, be like Magdalene and come back to Christ in spite of your sins. He is still the Good Shepherd.

One natural reason why "The truth will always out" is that there is always someone who will try to save his own skin at the price of someone else's pelt.

Friendship is priceless, yet how often is it thrown away for such things as a rash judgment, a wisecrack, a passing whim, or a petty jealousy?

A man that lives a hundred years lives but a tenth of a day in God's sight, for before God: "A thousand years are as a day." Life is short. The time to do good is short.

Those that love God and their neighbors by weights and measures have a scale for a heart. To God they weigh out a Sunday Mass and little more. Their good works are carefully measured out as they say: "I have done enough for the Church. The poor ought to go out and work, then they wouldn't need to beg. Let them go on Relief." Is that love?



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